VOLUME 154 NUMBER 11

LOOKING FORWARD

WE HAVE NEVER been among those who view the American business man as interested in business to the exclusion of everything else. We have never pictured him leaving the office late only in order to rush home and read three more business magazines. On the contrary, we are of the opinion, based on experience, that most men wish to drop business when out of the office, and to get what extra business information they desire as briefly as possible—perhaps in the pages of their favorite general magazine.

IT IS for this reason that, beginning with the March 12 issue, the Outlook and Independent will present each week a department entitled "The Stream of Business," conducted by Dr. Frank A. Fall, long identified as an author, editor, and reviewer of business books and a commentator on the fundamental trends of business.

FOR SOME YEARS bursar of New York University, Dr. Fall is now the director of the National Institute of Credit, head of the Research Department of the National Association of Credit Men and literary editor of *The Credit Monthly*. Dr. Fall has a point of view on business that is sound and impartial. He regards business as a life-giving stream whose currents and general direction are of the utmost importance to all of us.

FOR THE CONVENIENCE of Outlook readers Dr. Fall will compress his material into a single page. He will comment on the most important business developments of the week, will select and describe the business book of the week and, in compressed form will report on business indices such as bank clearings, car loadings, etc.

THE "STREAM OF BUSINESS" page will therefore furnish a consecutive record and interpretation of business which we believe many business men and women will tear out of the magazine and keep on file.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

Outlook
and Independent

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March 12, 1930

Looking Forward 401
Frontispiece: The Shaft 402

Articles

Little People vs Big Fellows ..... *Jonathan Mitchell* 403
The Happy Grape Growers ..... *E. Clemens Horst* 407
Peas in The International Pod ..... *James T. Shotwell* 409
Investment Trusts Today ..... *William O. Scroggs* 412
The Stream of Business ..... *Frank A. Fall* 413
Shoplifter ..... *John Coffey* 421

The Trend of Events 414

The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books 425
Pity for Murderers ..... *Mary Shirley* 425
The Week's Reading 425
Behind the Blurbs ..... *Walter R. Brooks* 427
Religion's Voice ..... *Edmund B. Chaffee* 428
The Theatre ..... *Francis R. Bellamy* 429
The Movies ..... *Creighton Peet* 430
Boy with Fiddle ..... *Pitts Sanborn* 431
From the Life ..... *Ibby Hall* 432

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The Outlook and Independent is indexed in the Readers' Guide to periodical Literature

THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT, March 12, 1930. Volume 154, Number 11. Published weekly by The Outlook Company, at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Pres. Francis Rufus Bellamy; Vice-Pres. Harrison B. Freeman; Treas. Rodman Gilder; Sec'y, Harold T. Pulsifer. Subscription price $5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union, $6.56. Entered as second-class matter July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and July 20, 1928, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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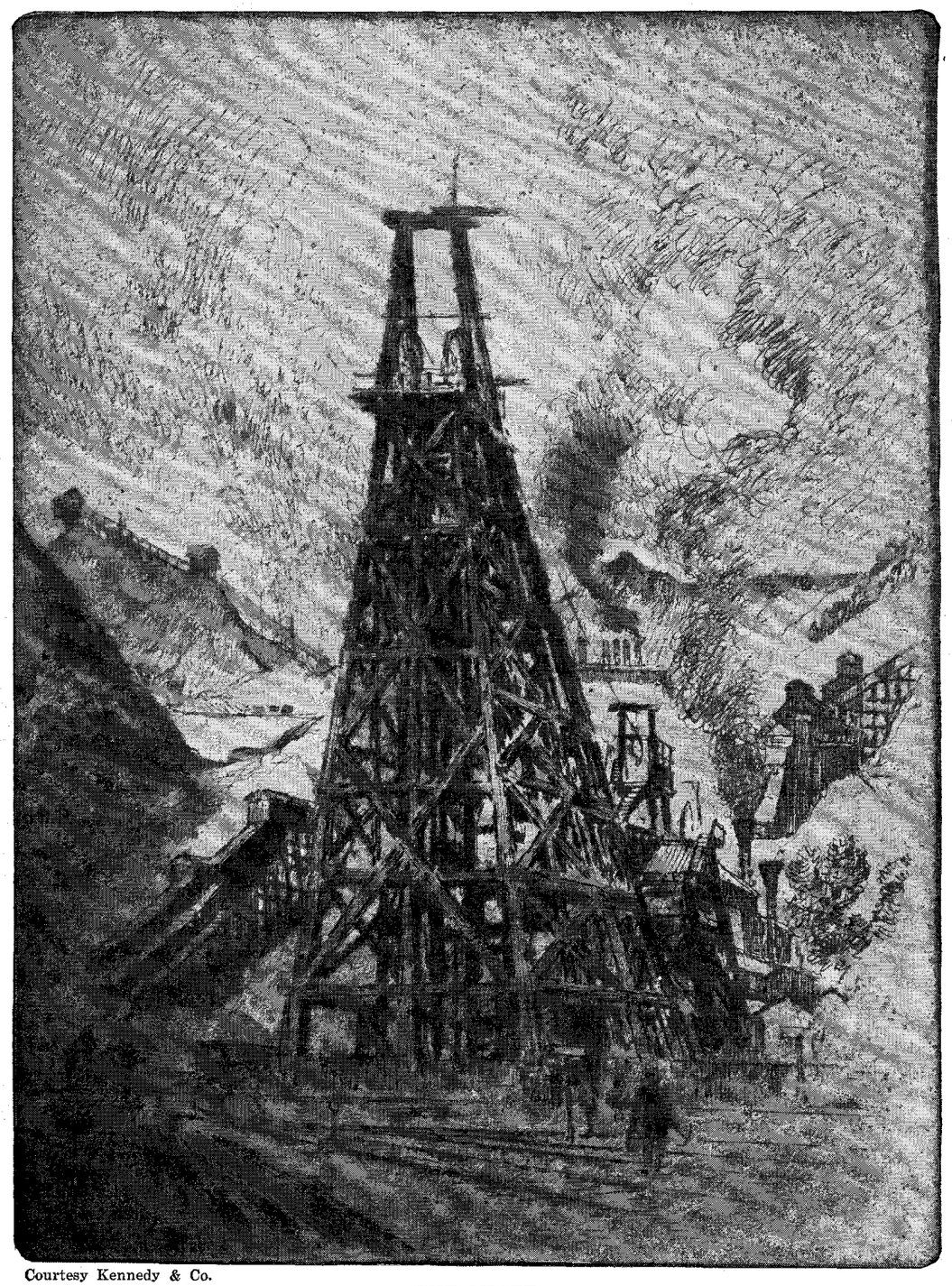

Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

THE SHAFT

An etching by Joseph Pennell

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Outlook
and Independent

March 12, 1930

Little People vs Big Fellows

Hoover Faces a New Issue

By JONATHAN MITCHELL

It all depends on the stock market—another great bull movement will undoubtedly re-elect Mr. Hoover. Meanwhile, the Senate battle over Chief Justice Hughes indicates a degree of anger among the Little People. Democratic politicians are breathlessly hoping that Big Business may be an issue in 1932. Mr. Mitchell is a frequent contributor to the Outlook and Independent

BIG BUSINESS is now a first-rate, fighting issue. The abrupt, passionate storm which arose last month over the confirmation of Mr. Hughes as Chief Justice, laid bare a definite, fundamental alignment of political forces. On one side are grouped the Little People—the wage-earners, the small merchants and manufacturers; on the other are the Big Fellows—the great corporations and the big banks.

Strategically, the assault upon Mr. Hughes was a vast success. Mr. Hughes has been a sort of sacred cow for a long while, and a good many people, when Senator Norris stood up to oppose him, expected lightning to strike down from Heaven. It did not, and for three, electric days Senator Norris and his followers rode headlong through the ranks of the stunned Republican majority. They lost the vote, in the end, but they gained the rapt attention of the country.

From the debate, the opponents of Big Business succeeded in abstracting a war-cry: "Human rights against property rights." It is a stiff, legalistic-sounding phrase, and doubtless can be improved upon in time for the Congressional elections next autumn. There is now a great deal of unconvincing talk about a Republican split, and the forming of a third party. Much more significant are the reported intentions of the present Democratic High Command. They are preparing, it is said, to appeal to the independent voter in 1932 to defeat Mr. Hoover, on the ground that Federal regulation of Big Business has been a failure.

Some very shrewd, very cold-blooded politicians believe that Mr. Hoover's opponents have a good issue, and an issue which—barring another orgiastic period of stock speculation—will still be good two years from now. Big Business has brought about violent dislocations in our national life, and the Little People who have been tossed to one side are angry and frightened. Politically, their resentment is bound to be vented upon Mr. Hoover. Whether he will be to blame, or whether he or any other president—white, black or Democratic—could have done anything to help them is another question. It must be remembered that the cure of economic distresses by legislative remedies is notoriously a delicate business.

SOME NINE YEARS AGO, Mr. Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce to the late Mr. Harding, endeavored to bring governmental help to various ailing industries. Finally, after the Elk Hills-Teapot Dome scandals had died down, he turned his attention to the oil industry. Mr. Hoover, even in those days, had the commission habit, and at his instigation, a Federal Oil Conservation Board was created by President Coolidge, who had just been elected in his own right.

The oil industry, then as now, suffered from reckless over-production. It takes capital and labor to operate an oil well, like everything else. Each time prices were high enough to permit existing oil wells to be operated economically, some one would open up a new field, prices would immediately crash, and, every time this happened, the producers in the older fields would suffer, and the weakest and worst-financed of them would be forced out of business.

Mr. Hoover told oil men that they had the remedy in their own hands. He suggested that they agree to exhaust each field in turn, and until one field was exhausted, not to open up another. On the face of it, this would seem a very sensible idea, and most obviously the right thing to do, but right and wrong in real life are never so clear as they are on the floor of the Senate, or in the middle of a Presidential campaign. The Standard Oil interests and the Royal Dutch Shell, together, control about one half of the crude oil production in this country and Mexico. The other half is split up among some 12,000 small producers, many of whom own a rig, a set of drills and little else. To raise prices—or "stabilize" them, to use a gentler term—by curtailing production, would be to fatten enormously the profits of the Standard Oil and the Royal Dutch Shell—the Big Fellows. But by the same operation, you would also succeed in removing an ever-present

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spectre of bankruptcy from 12,000 Little People. Which of these considerations motivated Mr. Hoover, there is no way of telling. Probably the criminal waste, the inefficiency and economic barbarism of the oil industry simply made him itchy.

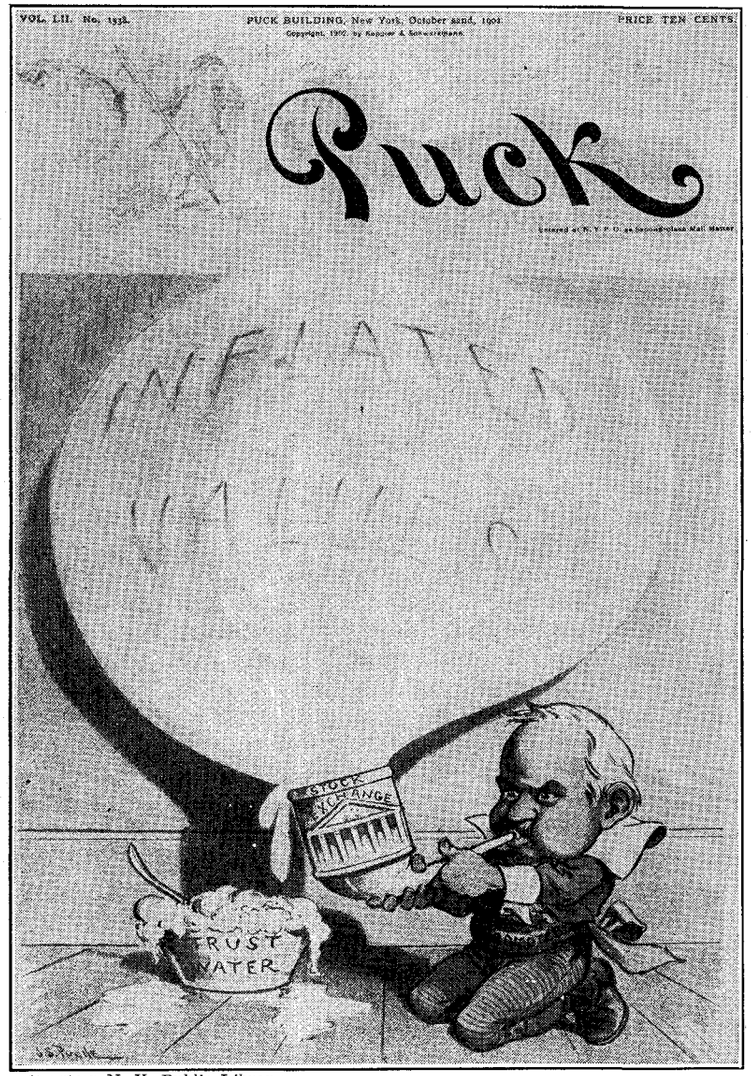
Under Mr. Hoover's insistent proddings, the American Petroleum Institute, an organization of oil men, undertook the superhuman task of persuading more than 12,000 persons to agree upon a common program. Scores of committees were formed, and innumerable conferences were held, which must have been a great delight to Mr. Hoover. One very select committee went to Scotland, where its members cornered Sir Henri Deterding, chairman of the Royal Dutch Shell, on a grouse moor, and made him promise to cooperate. Since it necessarily involved Sir Henri's making peace with the Standard Oil, this in itself was no mean achievement.

Almost exactly a year ago—after many months of the hardest kind of work—the leaders of the oil industry assembled at Houston, Texas. With them, sat Mr. George Otis Smith, Director of the United States Geological Survey, who had been Mr. Hoover's understudy throughout negotiations. Under his supervision, the most ambitious scheme for industrial cooperation which has ever been worked out, embracing one whole industry for the whole western hemisphere, was written and agreed upon.

The remainder of the story is cruelly comic. Mr. Smith hastened to Washington with a copy of the agreement, and delivered it to Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur for his approval. Mr. Hoover had just been inaugurated President, and Dr. Wilbur, as the new Secretary of the Interior, was about to become head of the Federal Oil Conservation Board. Dr. Wilbur handed the document to Attorney General Mitchell who, as you may recall, had just been chosen to reinvigorate the Department of Justice and strike terror to the hearts of bootleggers. He immediately scented a plot to violate the anti-trust laws and decided, apparently, that Dr. Wilbur and the oil producers were endeavoring to make him an accessory before the fact.

He wrote Dr. Wilbur tartly: "It is not the practice of Attorneys General to give opinions as to whether proposed action by private persons would violate the laws of the United States." A good many oil producers, when they heard of this letter were thrown into a panic. Their agreement, so painfully come by, has never been put into effect.

Moral values, in this particular case, seem difficult to assess. The oil men had no consciousness of guilt. They have since made discreet inquiries, and they are convinced that Mr. Hoover was as astonished at what happened as any one. Dr Wilbur, who had just arrived in Washington, was, they believe, completely in the dark about the previous long negotiations, and about the purpose of the Federal Oil Conservation Board. However, they feel that Mr. Mitchell need not have been so nasty about it. Recently one of their number, dreamily regarding his cigar, said softly: "That feller? We hafter educate um."


VOL. LII. No. 1338. PUCK BUILDING, New York, October 22nd, 1902. PRICE TEN CENTS.
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Puck
STOCK EXCHANGE
TRUST WATER
Courtesy N. Y. Public Library

John Sherman, twice defeated aspirant for the Republican presidential nomination, and brother to the Sherman who marched through Georgia, had a fine legal mind. The anti-trust law which is named for him has a noble inclusiveness. Everything that "restrains interstate commerce" is simply forbidden. Last month Senator Norris and his followers charged that the Sherman anti-trust law had been "whittled away" by the courts, and this strictly is not true. By its nature, it cannot be whittled away. It is something like the Commandment, "thou shalt not kill," which, because it has no ifs, ands or buts, has been the despair—throughout centuries of warfare—of Christian casuists.

The law was passed in 1890. In 1904 the Northern Securities Company, a holding concern for two railroads in the northwest, was held guilty. Following this, Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, in Chicago, —the same "Czar" Landis who now rules over baseball—fined the Standard Oil the dramatic sum of $29,240,000. The thing went on until it was charged that private dinners given by Judge Elbert H. Gary in his Fifth Avenue home to associates in the steel industry constituted felonious conspiracy. Then, in the American Tobacco case, in 1911, Chief Justice White handed down one of the most extraordinary decisions in all ancient or modern jurisprudence. He declared: "As the statute (the Sherman anti-trust

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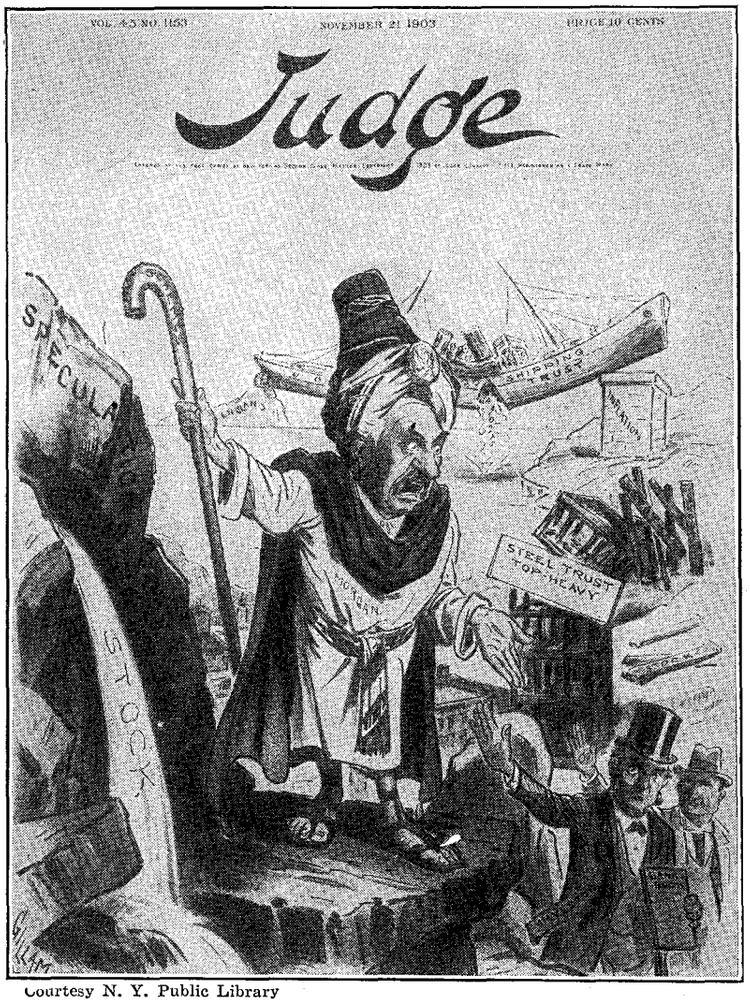
law) had not defined the words 'restraint of trade,' it became necessary to construe those words, a duty which could only be discharged by a resort to reason."

This was the famous "Rule of Reason," and it evoked a tremendous protest. The Supreme Court had served notice that, like the Christian fathers, it was tired of struggling with an inflexible canon, and would, thereafter, use its common sense. Even Big Business, after first welcoming the decision, began to grow uneasy. Chief Justice White and his colleagues, it was somewhat rudely pointed out, were all quite elderly. What would happen, it was asked, upon their death, if a radically-minded president should happen to be in office, and should appoint justices who were enemies of business. Their common sense might tell these justices to send every big business man in the country to jail. When, shortly afterwards, in 1916, President Wilson appointed Justice Brandeis, who tried to send Charles S. Mellen of the New Haven Railroad to Atlanta Penitentiary, a wave of horror swept the entire business community.



Courtesy N. Y. Public Library

Ever since—for the last fourteen years—Big Business has scrutinized the appointment of each new Supreme Court Justice most carefully. Here is why the appointment of Mr. Hughes, the most distinguished, and probably the best paid, corporation lawyer in America, was regarded as so vitally important. All the recent appointments have been satisfactory. Of the present Supreme Court, only Justice McReynolds would like to see the Sherman anti-trust law interpreted literally. Oddly enough, the three habitual dissenters, Justices Holmes, Brandeis and Stone, are, on this question, on the side of the majority. Justice Holmes apparently feels that business men, no less than other people, are entitled to all possible freedom in the transaction of their affairs. Justice Brandeis, according to one earnest student of Supreme Court anti-trust decisions, "has not a tremendous amount of faith in the competitive system," and has "the feeling that good judgment should lead a community to regulate business, especially big business." Justice Stone, in 1925, wrote the majority opinion in the Maple Flooring Manufacturers Association case, by which, some authorities hold, certain activities which may result in the stabilization—not to say the fixing—of prices, are permitted to trade associations.

NOWADAYS, the word "trusts" has a gentle, old-fashioned sound, not unlike the word "antimacassar." Back in 1911, the Trusts, capitalized, were the subject of impassioned editorials, cartoons and speeches. The uneasiness of Big Business at the "Rule of Reason" was as nothing beside the fury of those on the opposing side. They felt they had been betrayed, and agitation, which has not died down to this day, began for the recall of judges. The political situation, then, was ridiculously like the situation at present. The Republican Party was divided in two groups, conservative and liberal, or radical, with the Democrats sitting hopefully in the background waiting for something to turn up. The following year, in 1912, Theodore Roosevelt, George W. Perkins and Oscar Straus were standing at Armageddon, to do battle for the Lord; and for the Little People. When election day came, Mr. Taft, who had upheld the cause of Big Business and of the Supreme Court, of which he was later to become the head, received the smallest number of electoral votes of any candidate of a major political party in the history of the nation.

The election of 1912 was the sole referendum which this country has ever taken upon the subject of Big Business, and Big Business lost decisively. Woodrow Wilson, after his inauguration, proclaimed the "new economic freedom." In Congress there was a scramble to pass restrictive legislation. Mr. George Rublee, now in London as advisor to Secretary of State Stimson at the Naval Conference, came to Washington to help draw the Clayton Act. At that time, most lawyers—mistakenly as it has proved—considered the "Rule of Reason" as a sort of judicial spree, and believed that the Supreme Court must soon return to the "precedent broadening down from precedent" of common law. Mr. Rublee endeavored to write a bill which would, like the Sherman law, be generally inclusive. Congress, however, insisted upon "teeth," and the bill, as passed, was mostly a list of petty prescriptions. Since the Clayton Act had no spirit, so to speak, its letter has been generally and easily evaded.

Today, the Federal regulation of business—except for the railroads, telephones and telegraph—is largely carried on in secret by one man,

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the Attorney General. Old John Sherman's law is still on the statute books, and it makes almost every conceivable business deal of any size a crime. No head of a corporation would dream of taking any important step without first consulting his lawyers to ask how far he could go with safety. In many instances the lawyers, providing they are truthful, will be forced to tell him that they do not know, with certainty.

The general trend of Supreme Court decisions, of late years, has been consistently towards a looser—it is usually called more "liberal"—interpretation of the laws regulating business. But the "Rule of Reason," as old Justices have died and new ones been appointed, has produced some curiously conflicting results. One instance will serve. Justice Stone's famous opinion in the Maple Flooring case is extremely difficult to reconcile, some authorities believe, with the previous American Column and Lumber case, in which the facts were roughly similar. It may be noted, incidentally, that our lumber industry, if it has done nothing else, has provided some of our brightest legal literature. As for the lower Federal courts, here is the testimony of a leading corporation lawyer: "The confusing contradictions, even today, in the decisions of the lower courts show that able jurists differ on anti-trust laws. The uncertainty of the eventual decision, the expense and ill-repute from possible prosecutions and possible adverse decisions in the lower courts, thwart new mergers and jeopardize old ones."

The head of a corporation, nowadays, hastens with his counsel to Washington, and goes into a huddle with the Attorney General. When Mr. Mitchell wrote Dr. Wilbur that it was "not the practice of Attorneys General to give opinions as to whether proposed actions by private persons would violate the laws of the United States," he was technically correct. What happens is that when a proposed merger is presented to an Attorney General, he instructs the anti-trust division of the Department of Justice to examine all facts and figures, and, if he is satisfied with the findings, he writes a formal letter, saying coldly that he "can find no ground on which to institute proceedings."

It is currently reported that Mr. Mitchell is proving to be much more finicky than his predecessor, Col. W. J. Donovan, the Wild Bill of the A. E. F., who, as Assistant to Attorney General Sargent, more or less ran the Department in the reign of the good Mr. Coolidge. Apparently Mr. Mitchell is a Minneapolis Puritan, who is, moreover, acutely conscious that his Department has long been under criticism. Following his angry veto of the Houston oil agreement, Mr. Mitchell began the prosecution of a number of oil companies in California. The oil people regard him as a sort of modern Savanarola. Col. Donovan was a much friendlier person, but he prevented the so-called baking trust, and presumably

Courtesy N. Y. Public Library

Senator Marcus Aurelius Hanna

he was the one who forbade the Fox movie merger, the legal details of which were worked out, as it happens, by the law firm of Hughes, Shurman & Dwight, of which the new Chief Justice was long a partner.

The great bulwark of the Wilsonian new economic freedom was to have been the Federal Trade Commission, established by the same session of Congress which passed the Clayton Act. The Commission set to work aggressively, and instituted complaints against most of the large corporations in the country. The corporations went to the Federal courts, and one decision after another against the Commission followed. The act creating the Commission, it seemed, had been as faultily drawn as the Clayton Act. It was painfully apparent, after a while, that the courts would never permit the Commission any real jurisdiction over violations of the anti-trust laws. It is the fashion to say that the Commission has never yet made any real effort to exercise its full powers. The record does not bear this out, and such an imputation, furthermore, is unfair to the Commissioners, who have always been, psychologically, bureaucrats. Bureaucrats, everywhere, by an inflexible law of nature, are belligerent and jealous of the last scrap of their authority.

Of recent years, the Commissioners have largely confined themselves to attempts to stamp out unfair trade practices. On one famous occasion, they pounced upon a business concern called the Universal Battery Service Company, with the slogan, "Universal batteries last forever." The Commissioner justly held that no storage batteries can be said to possess eternal life, and a formal "cease and desist" order was entered. In another instance, they haled before them the Missoula Chamber of Commerce, of Missoula, Mo. Here the accusation was that the Chamber of Commerce had arranged with the local motion picture theatre to accept mail order catalogues in lieu of the regular admission fee. The idea, apparently had been that children would steal the mail order catalogues from their homes in order to go to the movies, and that their parents, being unable to order from the mail order houses, would then trade exclusively with the local merchants.

These cases, however, give an unjust impression of the genuine public services which have been performed by the Commission. By means of its "stipulations"—the Commission lists the trade practices which it considers unfair and which it will not tolerate, and each set of stipulations forms a code of business ethics—the Commission has cleaned up more than fifty industries. One of its notable triumphs is the golf ball industry where some years ago, it appears, unfair practices were rife.

This, most sketchily, is the present state of Federal regulation of Big Business. It is probably accurate to say that no old, established business concern—even one which is obviously a monopoly or near-monopoly—is bothered any longer by the operation of the anti-trust laws. However, all attempts to create a new monopoly can be, and quite regularly are, halted by the Attorney General. In other words, the most noticeable effect of the

(Please Turn to Page 436)

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The Happy Grape Growers

By E. CLEMENS HORST

A kindly Federal government has done much to aid the California growers of, as they are termed, "juice-grapes." Since prohibition, their prosperity has increased enormously. Mr. Horst, of San Francisco, is a grape grower, and—against his own interest—a worker for prohibition repeal

THEORETICALLY, America is dry by law. Those who labored for so many years to bring about national prohibition made no distinction between intoxicants which were the result of distillation and the more gentle ones which are made from the grape. When the Volstead Act became effective, it had been supposed that the American wine grape grower would go out of business. Among the most ardent opponents of national prohibition, as well as of state dry laws, were the federal and local legislators who represented wine growing districts. Looking back upon a decade of so-called prohibition enforcement, they now realize that they were sadly wrong. Had they been able to gaze into the future, they would have donated large sums to the Anti-Saloon League and to the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

Prohibition has worked out so decidedly in the reverse from what our wine grape growers expected that they owe to Congress a vote of profound gratitude for the unanticipated blessings which have come to them since 1919. Nor is their gratitude limited to the legislative branch of the Government. Their prosperity today, a prosperity endangered only by the competition which boom days have brought, has been greatly advanced by the other branches of the United States Government. Among their allies, and there is no accusation of corruption in this, have been the Federal Prohibition directors and the United States Department of Agriculture. The wine grape grower must thank his government for the increased use, better market, lesser risks, and greater profits which mark his business.

The combination of government aids has resulted in an increase of over 100 per cent in the wine grape acreage since the highest year before federal prohibition. It has enormously increased the sale price of wine grapes as compared with the year of highest prices prior to 1920. The grape grower of the unhappy days before prohibition considered $10.00 per ton a fair price for his product. Since 1920, wine grapes have brought from $25.00 to $115.00 a ton at the farm, while the cost of growing cannot be $2.00 a ton higher than it was ten years ago. These figures tell the story; since 1919 a wine grower's net profit per ton has never been less than seven times what it was before prohibition. In one of those years, his profit was over fifty times as great. It is significant that the lot of the American farmer has grown steadily worse since 1919, while the grape agriculturist has known greatly increased prosperity. There are, of course, a few exceptions to the general bad times in farming, but the grape grower has known prosperity exceeding that of any of these exceptions.

It is no exaggeration to say that the Government, in general, and the Prohibition Enforcement Department, in particular, have put the business upon a permanently sound financial basis. Thus there now remain only two dangers: the first which I have mentioned —that increased production on the part of the old and new growers may overcome the benefits of our kindly Government—the second, that the railroad companies may not be able to supply enough refrigerator cars to move the fresh wine grape crop during the comparatively short harvest season.

The United States Department of Agriculture, working in conjunction with the California State Department of Agriculture, has evolved a most successful system of wine grape inspections and certifications of quality. In this remarkable paradox one finds a parallel to the system whereby the Treasury Department requires bootleggers to return income tax reports on the specific promise that no information will be given to prohibition officials, and that the Treasury Department will protect these honest bootleggers from the penalties of their honesty. It would seem that the United States Department of Agriculture proceeds on the theory that it has never heard of prohibition. Government inspectors are located near all railroad points from which grapes are shipped. As soon as the car is loaded the Government makes so complete an inspection report and certification that the buyers at the final destination of the car contract for grapes while the car is in transit across the continent. The buyer accepts and pays for the car on the strength of the certificate. These certificates are interesting documents, particularly in view of the theory that one branch of the Government can under no circumstances assist in the commission of illegalities which another branch is attempting to stamp out. In general, there is but one concession to prohibition in the manner in which the certificate is printed and then filled out. No mention is made of "wine grapes"—the product of the California growers is designated by the euphemism "juice grapes." On the other hand the name of the variety of wine grape is given exactly as it was in the wicked old days prior to prohibition. Most important of all, the certificates always report the percentage of sugar content of the grapes.

THIS is important because the sugar content gives definite advance notice of the percentage of alcohol which will be found in the wine made from the certificated wine grapes. The alcoholic content will be just one-half the percentage of sugar content of the grapes. For example, the certificate shown in the illustration mentions 24½ per cent and 23 per cent sugar for the two varieties named. This will produce wine with 12¼ per cent and 11½ per cent alcohol, respectively. The buyer in New York will in most cases be merely a commission merchant, who will sell in turn either to wholesalers or to retailers. To translate the technical figures of the certificates into every day terms would be to say that the buyer in New York could turn to his customer after receiving a copy of the certificate and say:

"Some time next week I will have three carloads of Mission and Carignane grapes which will give you 12¼ per cent and 11½ per cent alcohol wine. How much will you give me? It is government-tested stuff and you can bank on it."

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THE GOVERNMENT is proud of what it is doing in this respect. In the last official yearbook of the Department of Agriculture, Secretary Jardine commented with satisfaction on having caused a reduction in inspection and certification charges on wine grape shipments. The reason for all this, of course, is that no one is much concerned over the manufacture of wine, either by wholesale or in the home, and the federal authorities are encouraging this type of manufacture at the expense of distillation. During the past year, Federal Prohibition Commissioner Doran has been particularly accommodating to the wine grape growers. He made a special trip to California from his headquarters at Washington to hold a conference with the leading shippers and growers. Dr. Doran opened the conference by saying that an arrangement he had made with the industrial alcohol manufacturers was working out satisfactorily to them and to him. He said that the industrial manufacturers had been granted certain privileges on condition they would assist the Government in keeping alcohol from falling into bootleg channels. He was anxious that some arrangement might be made with the wine grape interests (he referred to them as "juice grape" interests) by which the patriotic growers would help him proceed against bootleggers who might seek the grapes in large quantities. If only the growers would do this, if only they would try to keep their products out of the hands of the bootleggers, Dr. Doran would do what he could to see that nothing would interfere with the purchase of "juice grapes" for home use. With great joy, the wine grape shippers agreed to the plan.

It never occurred to Dr. Doran, apparently, that his reasoning was somewhat at fault. Assuming that it is illegal to make wine and assuming that the grape men know that their product will in time become wine, it must be conceded that from an official point of view they are tainted with illegality. Thus Dr. Doran's arrangement was on a par with one whereby a chief of police would visit a suppositious convention of dealers in counterfeit supplies. Having gathered these gentlemen around him, he promises that if they will not sell their supplies to wholesale counterfeiters, his men will make no objection to sales to the home trade. Dr. Doran feels that he has amply protected himself, however, by making a careful distinction between "juice grapes" and "wine grapes." Again we have the pleasant picture of the Government closing its eyes to the facts and indulging in elaborate self-deceit.

Let no one suppose, however, that all this means an unlimited supply of good wine. There are various obstacles in the way. It is well enough to draft regulations which will prevent the sale of wine grapes to bootleggers, but the fact remains that few individuals have sufficient cash to buy large quantities of high priced wine grapes, nor have they room in their apartments or houses to make and keep wine until it has aged sufficiently to be drinkable. Home-made wines are too often improperly fermented and aged. They are badly made and so they are more harmful than beneficial to health. A second objection is that the cost per gallon of home-made wine is three or four times the cost of good commercially made wine. And so we find the cost of prohibition increasing again.

During no year prior to 1920 did first class, properly fermented and well aged winery wine cost over 25 cents per gallon in bulk in California. The freight by railroad to any city in the eastern states was ten cents per gallon, making a delivered price of 35 cents per gallon for good quality red or white wine. Under prohibition conditions the first cost to the home wine-maker for wine grapes delivered in eastern cities in carload lots was 75 cents per gallon of wine at the lowest prices. This cost increases greatly when grapes are bought in retail quantities. The railroads, of course, fare exceptionally well in transporting fresh grapes in refrigerator cars; the cost to the grape grower is about $650.00 per carload as against $180.00 if the grapes were shipped as wine in its finished form.

Yet the wine grape growers are properly thankful for the blessings they have received. Some 95 per cent of the production takes place in California; almost all of its fifty counties growing grapes. Fresno County, in the center of the state, grows about one-third of the grapes. It may be of interest that in the last referendum in California on the prohibition question, Fresno County gave large dry majorities in the comparatively close result throughout the state. So, incidentally, did every county south of Fresno County. All these also are large grape producers. It would not be fair to accuse the wine

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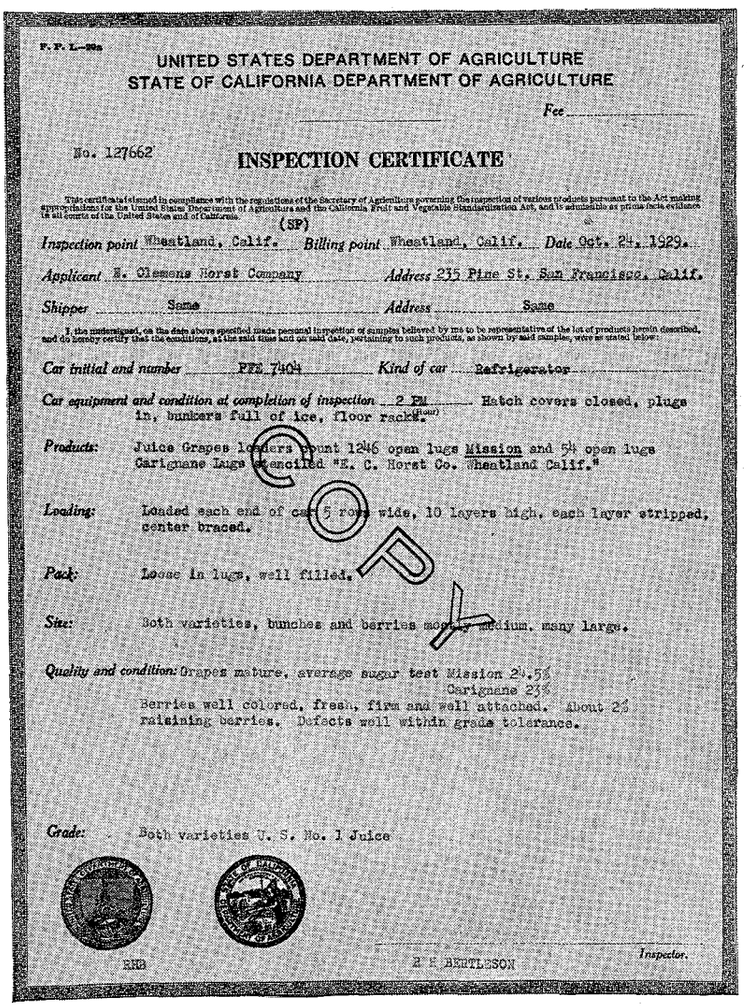

F. P. L.—22a

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
STATE OF CALIFORNIA DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

Fee.....

No. 127662

INSPECTION CERTIFICATE

This certificate is issued in compliance with the regulations of the Secretary of Agriculture governing the inspection of various products pursuant to the Act making appropriations for the United States Department of Agriculture and the California Fruit and Vegetable Standardization Act, and is admissible as prima facie evidence in all courts of the United States and of California.

(SP)

Inspection point Wheatland, Calif. *Billing point* Wheatland, Calif. *Date* Oct. 24, 1929.

Applicant E. Clemens Horst Company *Address* 235 Pine St, San Francisco, Calif.

Shipper Same *Address* Same

I, the undersigned, on the date above specified made personal inspection of samples believed by me to be representative of the lot of products herein described, and do hereby certify that the conditions, at the said time and on said date, pertaining to such products, as shown by said samples, were as stated below:

Car initial and number PFE 7404 *Kind of car* Refrigerator

Car equipment and condition at completion of inspection 2 PM (Mtn) Hatch covers closed, plugs in, bunkers full of ice, floor racks.

Products: Juice Grapes loaders count 1246 open lugs Mission and 54 open lugs Carignane Lugs consigned "E. C. Horst Co. Wheatland Calif."

Loading: Loaded each end of car 5 rows wide, 10 layers high, each layer stripped, center braced.

Pack: Loose in lugs, well filled.

Size: Both varieties, bunches and berries [illegible] medium, many large.

Quality and condition: Grapes mature, average sugar test Mission 24.5%
Carignane 23%
Berries well colored, fresh, firm and well attached. About 2% raisining berries. Defects well within grade tolerance.

Grade: Both varieties U. S. No. 1 Juice

RHB

P. H. BERTLESON *Inspector.*

A typical "Juice" Grape certificate. The sugar content indicates the eventual alcohol content of the wine

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Peas in The International Pod

Dissimilarities Among Nations

By JAMES T. SHOTWELL

The differences, and not the similarities of nations create world problems. This warning by Dr. Shotwell is particularly timely now that new perplexities endanger the Naval Conference. The author is a trustee of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace

ONE OF THE CHIEF obstacles in the path of that great reform of our age which aims to eliminate international war between civilized countries, is the oversimplification which comes from thinking of all countries as essentially alike.

This is a tendency which reaches far beyond the ignorance of the uninformed; it is perhaps most widely current among those who eagerly second the movement for international understanding but who, through the very strength of their conviction in the triumph of the peace movement, have so concentrated upon common ideals as to lose sight of the differing settings of the problem, and the different ways for solving it which present themselves to peoples of varying cultures and divergent histories. We tend to regard these differences as merely matters of detail when, in reality, they are the terms of the problem itself to each and every country which comes face to face with it.

Our vocabulary has in these postwar years acquired a new set of terms which embody this universal way of thinking. Peace between nations has become "world peace," international affairs have become "world politics," disarmament between rival nations is talked of in terms of "world disarmament;" a sort of superlative has thus been acquired, the use of which has seemed to careless observers to exalt the problem itself into a realm where principles govern and local obstacles must make way before them.

This vocabulary has its merits insofar as it helps to exalt the purpose and ennoble the reform by conceptions that reach beyond the immediate moment and furnish the ultimate framework for our thinking. But it is also an obstacle to clarity of thought in that it overlooks the fundamental condition on which the reform must be worked out, namely, that of the molding of diverse institutions and diverse ways of thinking toward a common aim. It is well enough to keep the aim in view, but it is sadly misleading if at the same time we fail to take into account the local impediments that confront each particular nation as it works out its own fate surrounded by nations differing from itself in institutions and political life.

The differences and not the similarities of nations create the problems of international politics. There is no very great difference in the fundamental desires of all the civilized nations. Our own Declaration of Independence has expressed them for all the world; every one wishes to live in a society which provides a fitting guarantee for "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." But when we translate these ideals into practice, we find that what one nation regards as liberty another thinks of as anarchy, and the pursuit of happiness may be conceived of either as the disciplined subordination of the individual to the welfare of the state, or the forceful assertion of personal desires. And even the guarantee of personal safety may reach all the way from the prevention of national and international violence to preventive medicine. The terms are universal, but the practical measures for their attainment are never quite the same in any two countries. The supreme problem of international politics is the building of a world community which will give effect to these ideals in terms that each constituent nation will understand and apply.

THE INTERNATIONAL movement of today must therefore first begin with a frank recognition of nationality. The general theme of modern history has been the upbuilding of separate nations. Now the chief significance of this process of state-building is that it has been a natural growth from within and not the imposition of institutions from without. This is why it commands a loyalty such as exists for no other secular institution in the world today, a loyalty which has become that sort of religion which Professor Hayes has analyzed for us in terms of history and theory.

When we say that the trend of history in the creation of the national state has been a development from within rather than the imposition of power from without, this means that it is a natural growth of elements inherent in the population itself. It perpetuates subconsciously as well as consciously the prejudices of secluded and self-contained communities toward the outsider. Down to our own day, the attitude of most people toward foreigners has retained a great deal of that primitive dislike, disdain, or suspicion to which the ancient Greek gave the most frank expression when he termed all other peoples barbarians. Through most of European history, the English attitude toward the French, and the French attitude toward the English has retained much of this primitive aloofness or dislike. And the national state which gives political expression to this vast complex of prejudices which we call opinion, was bound to embody in its very fiber this rather unfriendly way of thinking about others. It did so by the assertion of the principle of sovereignty, an arrogant but universally admitted claim which each state made for itself that it, alone, could be the judge of right or wrong in dealing with its neighbors.

This doctrine of sovereignty reached its fullest expression in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries, when the great nations of western Europe were at the same time working out their destiny from within and assuring themselves against the dangers of interference from without. The theory that the king could do no wrong had much to be said for it when his will was the expression of the nation itself and was applied through courts of law in administering justice; for it meant the assertion of community interests over that of the individual, and the individual found in the surrender to it a larger interest of his own. National sovereignty is this ancient sovereignty of kings translated and applied under all forms of government.

It is clear that this political theory of the Nineteenth Century was, with reference to international relations, a theory of anarchy. If each state is the judge of its own dealings with other na-

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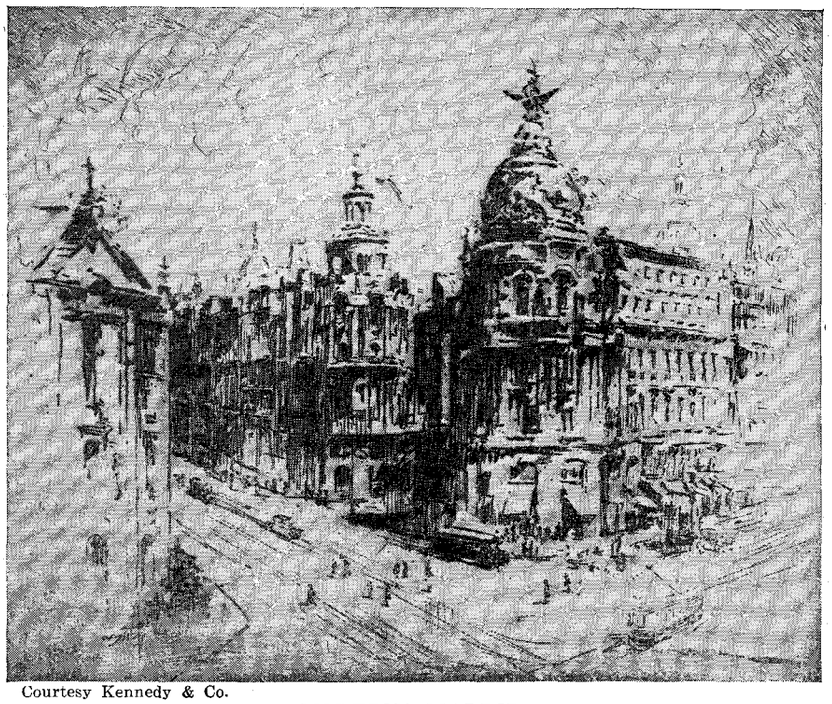
tions, there is not even the basis of an international morality. For morality implies the existence of a community, and the absolute theory of sovereignty of the national state denied this by its insistence on the supreme right of each nation to decide for itself what its dealing with others should be. Thus the historical evolution of the Nineteenth Century seemed to culminate negatively in foreign affairs. While practice was better than theory, and nations managed to get along with each other fairly well in spite of the extravagant claims of nationality, nevertheless, the right to go to war with one's neighbors was the very symbol of a nation's sovereignty, and in theory no other nation, or group of nations, had the right to question its acts.

Now the political lesson of the World War was that this international anarchy was too dangerous a state of affairs for even the nations themselves to rest in; there had to be some limitation upon sovereignty, some willingness to surrender part of a nation's prerogative in order to guarantee themselves against the danger of mutual destruction. As a result the entire civilized world found itself faced with a new problem, that of the upbuilding of the international community. At first glance it might seem as though this was merely a repetition of past history, and that the process of making a society of nations was merely an adaptation of the same one which built up the different nations previously. But this is not the case. If history were merely repeating itself, the international movement of the present would be as frankly hostile to the independence of the constituent nations as the nation itself has been hostile to the political independence of communities within it. Nationality has been an intolerant thing, perhaps the most intolerant force in modern history; the international movement must, on the contrary, not only tolerate independence in its constituent members but help to strengthen it by mutual guarantees. Therefore the international community is moving by a different road toward its goal than that which the national state has travelled in its own development. The creation of a society of nations is a new political experiment, seeking to preserve rather than to destroy the varied political units which make it up and so to leave intact that diversity of cultures which has enriched the world since nations began to develop.

There was an international movement in the Nineteenth Century which refused to recognize these facts and sought to substitute internationalism for nationalism by a frankly revolutionary movement. I refer to Marxian socialism. The term "internationalism" as used in this connection was one of economic revolt by those who protested against injustices at home in different nations. The internationalism of today has almost nothing in common with this revolutionary international movement, for it does not propose to destroy either nationalism or the economic system. Instead of revolutionary change in the structure of states, it proposes nothing more than a reform in their relations one with another, leaving the internal problems for each nation to adjust as it sees fit, in a manner that will be in harmony with its interest, its history and its psychology.



Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

MODERNO MADRID
An etching by Levon West

Now if this reform is to succeed and community ways of international dealing are to supplant those of international anarchy, the first condition of success is an understanding of the differences between nations even more than of their common interests. Accommodation must be made for these differences or else the community will fail to have the free and spontaneous support of its constituent members. International action involving the British Empire is not of much account unless it enlists the hearty support of the British themselves, and the only way to ensure this is to see the problem through British eyes as well as through those of the other nations concerned. Continental European politics is a term without any practical meaning if it ignores the points of view and national interests of either France or Germany, and simply seeks to impose upon either of these great powers a theory from without. Past history as well as the present situation must be taken into account, for the same situation will be dealt with differently according to the traditional ways for dealing with it.

With every nation not only conscious but jealous of those political creations which embody its divergent history, it would seem to be a hopeless task to create anything like a society of nations. The accent upon anarchy in their relations one with another seems much more natural than any tone of international accommodation. Fortunately for mankind, just in the closing period of the nation-building process, science stepped in and was responsible for changing the nature of human relationships by making nations, as well as individuals, more and more interdependent. The self-contained communities that lived from the farms of a countryside could no longer go on supplying their own needs in the industrial era, and the World War, which was the culmination of the process of nation-building in Europe, revealed to any but the blindest of ob-

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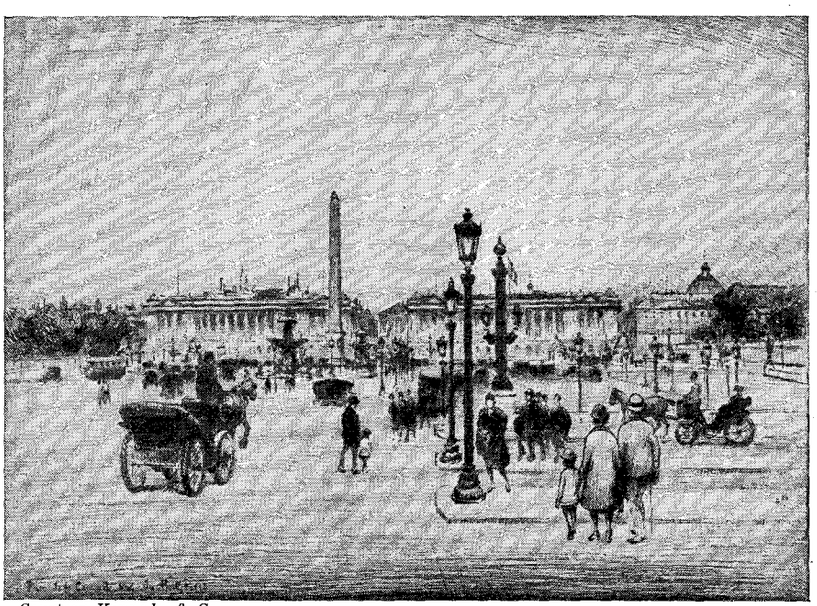
servers that the doctrine of absolute sovereignty in which the national state had clothed itself was no longer tenable. If nations are interdependent in terms of economics they are also interdependent in terms of politics. The supreme question, therefore, for what we in this country have termed "world statesmanship" is the harmonizing of this community of interest, which is the product of modern business, with the maintenance of all the varied claims and aspirations that are rooted in the history of the component nations.

This would be a hopeless task if all the fifty nations which meet at Geneva had utterly different ideas of government and politics. But fortunately the nations of western civilization tend to fall into two great groups, those which have drawn their political traditions chiefly from ancient Rome, and those which, like England, have worked out their own institutions of self-government and which, like the United States, are applying the great experiment of Democracy. It is possible that in China today, and in the Orient generally, a third important group is emerging, and it seems likely now that Russia may add a fourth.

A parliament of nations, therefore, is not a mere collection of independent states, each asserting its own individuality, but a meeting of these groups of nations. Something resembling the formation of political parties within the state is already in evidence in the alignment of the delegations in the debates of the Assembly of the League of Nations. With reference to the Western World,—Russia not being in the League, the division line is rather clearly drawn. It is hardly too much to say that those who speak the Romance tongues tend to apply Roman political conceptions to the solutions of modern questions and those whose language is more closely affiliated with English follow a trend of thought that fits in with British history and politics. Germany, with its continental affiliations on the one hand and its kinship with the northern peoples on the other, inclines now to one and now to the other group, while the heirs of the Hapsburg monarchy, Germanic as well as non-Germanic, tend to side with the French way of thinking. This, of course, does not mean agreement of specific points but rather an agreement as to the method of international dealing.

It is not only at Geneva that this problem arises; the United States confronts it in its relations with Central and South American nations, for each and all of them are inheritors of the Latin tradition in the art and science of government. Indeed, the clue to the divergence in point of view can be found more easily in a study of the South American states than in the more involved political situation of Europe. It was clearly seen by an ex-President of one of those states who represented his country at the Panama Conference and subsequently in the negotiations for arbitration and conciliation at Washington. This statesman came to the conclusion that the difference between the politics of South American states and that of the United States was not a mere surface difference of emphasis on this or that national predilection, but was one so far-reaching that it penetrated the very heart of political life.

According to him, the South American states are lacking in the one most outstanding characteristic of American politics, namely, democracy itself. Although the term democracy is used as freely by these nations as it is by us, the thing that it connotes is entirely different. There, the art of politics is that of the exercise of power and the opposition to it in political life is never the kind of thing that in Britain calls itself "His Majesty's loyal opposition." It is frankly set upon the task of frustrating the acts of government, or at most, accepting them as an inevitable evil. The logic of the Latin mind, or at least of the Latin training, does not permit a politician to assert before election time that the policies he opposes will destroy the happiness of his country, and then when the election is over, join with good grace in making those policies effective. If a party finds itself in the minority, that only means that there are more people in the wrong than in the right, and it is no more called upon to yield to the many than to the few; therefore the majority, or the party in power must continually assert its power over the recalcitrant opposition in order to secure its ends. This means an added emphasis upon the assertion of the law through courts and police measures. The citizenship which refuses to obey must be made to obey by suitable measures of force, hence there cannot very well be a good government that is not at the same time a strong government.



Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS
An etching by Frank Armington

It is only against the contrasting background of this picture that we begin to realize what the democracy of the United States really means. The clue to its understanding lies in the fundamental fact that minorities are ready to accept and loyally to cooperate with the opposing majority party in power. There is, of course, unending factious debate and the play of politics is filled with the tricks of those who would upset and overthrow their opponents, but the conception of government is not so much one of power in the hands of the strong, as of responsibility upon the part of those

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Investment Trusts Today

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

The investment trust, Mr. Scroggs finds, is coming back into public favor. Where it is well managed, the popularity is deserved

A FEW DAYS AGO the newspapers carried announcements of the formation of two investment trusts which will operate in novel fields. One of them proposes to deal in commodities instead of in securities and hopes to avail itself of the opportunities for profit when so many of the world's "essential commodities are selling in their raw state at the lowest levels in many years." The other plans to supply funds for the production of theatrical performances and to eliminate the need of "angels," or financial backers, whose services heretofore have been indispensable.

Strictly speaking, these are not investment trusts, as they are concerned with obtaining profits for their shareholders rather than with providing them with a safe and steady income. Indeed, the theatrical concern in its prospectus offers its stock "as a speculation." Nevertheless, both concerns have adopted some of the investment-trust principles, and it is of much significance that they should advertise this fact so soon after the great stock-market débâcle of last autumn. This indicates that the investment-trust idea is regaining its place in public favor.

Few people would have believed sixty days ago that new ventures bearing some of the ear-marks of the investment trust could be launched at this time. During the troubled days of last October and November investment trusts and financing and trading companies which were close kin to them had to bear the brunt of the storm. In the nine months preceding the panic these concerns had floated something like two billions in new securities.

For some weeks before the crash in Wall Street practically the only stock issues which could be readily distributed on a large scale were those of investment trusts and similar organizations. The steady absorption of credit which this entailed played an important part in bringing on the final break in the stock market. When confidence in stock values was suddenly destroyed it was inevitable that the shares of investment trusts should be hard hit, because their value was based on the shrinking value of other shares. In consequence, the investment trusts were thrust into the rôle of discarded favorites.

But sentiment is now undergoing another change. Investment trusts of the better type are gradually working their way back to the place they deserve in the estimation of investors. In the first place, they have taken the public into their confidence by publishing complete lists of their holdings, together with their market value and the computed asset value of their own shares. This brought out the fact a short time ago that the shares of many of the strongest trusts were selling in the open market at prices ranging from 5 to 25 per cent less than the value of the equities behind them. It also showed that in many cases a considerable portion of the assets consisted of cash instead of securities, and that this cash was virtually being offered in the market at a discount. When signs of weakness appeared in the stock market in September some of the trusts took their profits on a portion of their holdings and invested the proceeds in brokers' loans. This not only reduced their losses when the big break came, but it enabled them to pick up some excellent bargains after the market had touched bottom.

IN BRINGING these facts to the attention of investors some of the trusts abandoned their previous policy of secrecy with regard to the contents of their portfolios, and it paid them well to do so. In addition to the aid which has come from this policy of publicity, the stronger concerns have improved their standing through the steady rise in stock prices since the beginning of the current year.

The recent developments in the investment trust situation in this country are strikingly similar to what occurred in England some forty years ago. Indeed, the parallel was noted many months before the Wall Street panic by the president of an important American investment trust, Edgar Lawrence Smith, who warned American promoters to profit by the British experience. The warning went unheeded, but it proved to be prophetic. In the late eighties and early nineties of the last century there was a veritable epidemic of investment trust promotion in England. Many of the new trusts invested in securities at the top of a bull market, just as they did in this country last year. The British trust boom was nipped by the panic of 1893, and there followed a period of trouble for those who had linked their fortunes with some of the poorly-managed companies.

Even the best companies had hard sledding in those years. They had to suffer not only for their own mistakes, but for the sins of others. But, on the whole, the period of adversity had its uses. The inefficient concerns were weeded out; the others learned their lesson and improved their methods and gradually regained the confidence of investors. The record of British investment trusts since this trying period has been excellent; their services to the investing community have been invaluable.

There is reason to believe that the ordeal through which American investment trusts have recently passed will have equally useful results. Some of the weaker concerns have already gone into liquidation, and others will probably follow in due course. The assets of a few have been taken over by stronger companies. Still others are reducing their capital-stock liabilities and in other ways strengthening their financial condition. The best ones have come through the storm in good shape. That they now enjoy public confidence is attested by the fact that their stocks are no longer selling below their liquidating value and in a number of cases are commanding a premium.

The day of the investment trust craze is over, and it is well for all concerned that this is so. The investor will continue to buy trust securities, but hereafter he will buy with more discrimination than he showed during the boom period. He has learned that there is no magic in the name investment trust; that it has been used loosely to cover all sorts and conditions of projects, ranging all the way from speculative "blind pools" to institutions with the strength of the best banks; and that the essential consideration in choosing a company for investment is not the name or the promises but the character of its management.

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The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

"WHAT Rough?"

"WALTER," said a golfer to the famous Hagen after a day of tournament play, "did you ever in your life see such rotten rough?" Hagen's reply was the mild query, *"What* rough?"

On a Sunday afternoon last October when the turnstiles of the Dallas Fair clicked to the tune of 207,000 paid admissions, a rangy Texan remarked to a visiting easterner, "Business is good in Texas." "Now, perhaps," his guest replied, "but wait until you get the full effect of the crash in the stock market." "What stock market?" inquired the Texan.

To the Gothamite that was, of course, Foolish Question 6,666. But if he continued his travels and kept his eyes and ears open he must have found a great many more people unwilling to admit that American business begins and ends with the stock exchange. Sooner or later some discerning philanthropist will endow a chair, or a microphone, in the University of Radio, making it possible to tell this message to the world, particularly to that part of it which lies east of the Hudson River.

The first air lecture might begin something like this: Ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience—if there is a map of the United States handy you will note that we have, for the working out of our economic salvation, 48 states of assorted sizes, disregarding, if possible, the District of Columbia. We have about 120 million people, of whom approximately 27 million are in our schools and colleges. More than half of the rest are gainfully employed,—raising crops; mining coal and metals; drilling for oil; manufacturing useful goods; transporting them by rail, water and air; selling them at wholesale and retail; and rendering varied services which make life bearable, and sometimes even pleasant.

We have, the lecturer might conclude, more than a hundred billion dollars in life insurance, covering 67 million policyholders; more than 26 million motor vehicles registered and 20 million telephones in use. We have also a stock exchange, located in Wall Street, a short alley with a river at one end and a graveyard at the other. In some later lecture I may touch on this interesting and often useful institution, but as I wish first to give you an adequate description of the real business of our country,—namely, our production and distribution,—I fear that for the time-being the stock exchange will have to wait.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) March 1—91.9. (Crump's British index—1926=100) March 1—83.9.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended Feb. 15—891,597 cars (increase of 5,016 over preceding week; reduction of 65,901 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended Feb. 22—80% of capacity (reduction of 1% under preceding week and of 3.5% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended Feb. 22—daily average gross 2,722,050 barrels (increase of 69,100 over preceding week and of 27,900 over same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended Feb. 22—618,000 bushels (reduction of 1,353,000 under preceding week and of 1,878,000 under same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended Feb. 27—$9,305,056,000 (reduction of 17.8% under preceding week; reduction of 18.3% under same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.,) Five-day period ended Feb. 27—526 (reduction of 59 under preceding week and of 11 under five-day period ending Feb. 28, 1929).

Re-scrambling the Oils

THE PROPOSED SOCONY-VACUUM merger has a significance far beyond the measure of a mere shift in the petroleum set-up. It clearly indicates a belief on the part of big business that the attitude of the Government toward consolidations has undergone a radical change since the time of the Standard Oil dissolution decree. This particular merger is, of course, not yet over all the hurdles that intervene between the starting line and the tape. It seems probable, as we go to press, that before the Standard Oil Company of New York and the Vacuum Oil Company actually get together, judicial proceedings will be taken to test the validity of the combination. According to the Department of Justice, such proceedings are likely to materialize before the end of March.

Messrs. Hines, Rearick, Dorr, Travis and Marshall, counsel for Standard Oil, and A. T. Foster, counsel for Vacuum, have submitted to the Department their proposed consolidation plan. With it they presented opinions supporting its legality, and asserting that it would in no respect violate the provisions of the old dissolution decree.

In many lines of business, and particularly in the banking field, 1929 was a bumper year for mergers. Not all that were planned came off, but the total for the nine months preceding the stock market collapse was so large that the merger idea may fairly be regarded as the outstanding business development of the January-September period. The merger movement now promises to make further progress during 1930, and the Socony-Vacuum case is more than likely to point the way.

Appraising a Debacle

DR. IRVING FISHER, between rounds of his fight for the rubber dollar, uses the brief rest interval in making an appraisal of the recent stock market explosion. The result is *The Stock Market Crash and After* (Macmillan, $2.50), a well-dressed and attractively jacketed volume of 286 pages.

Dr. Fisher ascribes the late debacle to a number of things, some of which he saw coming in time to send out a storm warning. Others he missed on account of low visibility. He stated his opinion in September, before the break, that the market had reached its peak, which proved to be the case. He also said that the recession would not be a serious crash, and on this point he frankly admits that he was mistaken. He further predicted that the new plateau of stock prices would survive any recession, and presents on the second page of his book a chart to show that this has proved true.

As for the future, Dr. Fisher believes that the threat to business due to the dislocation of purchasing power by transfers of stock holdings will be merely temporary. The only "fly in the ointment" is the danger of a gold shortage and long gradual deflation. Even this danger, Dr. Fisher suggests, may be averted if wise banking policies and gold control are adopted in time. For the immediate future, he concludes, the outlook is bright.

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The Trend of Events

Questions and Answers

IT WOULD BE pleasant, but unfortunately it would be difficult, to shower the *Literary Digest* with verbal bouquets for its sweeping straw vote on prohibition. Possibly its poll of twenty million people will indicate changes in public sentiment since the straw vote of 1922, and to that extent will be valuable. But it will be surprising if the poll helps to clarify a badly confused situation. The fundamental aim of the anti-prohibition movement is—must be—the repeal of the 18th Amendment. Yet it is at this very point that the poll reveals its greatest flaw.

The *Digest's* question reads: "Do you favor a repeal of the prohibition amendment?" Millions of people have an answer on the tips of their tongues—"If repeal means the return of the saloon, I oppose it; if not, I favor it." Clarity, we believe, demands that the question read: "Do you favor repeal of the prohibition amendment and the enactment of legislation to prevent the return of the saloon?" Hosts of people could and would answer yes or no to that question who neither could nor would answer yes or no to the question phrased by the *Digest*.

It is significant that no plea for the saloon was made by wet witnesses before the House Judiciary Committee in Washington. To many readers the chief interest of the wet testimony was the persuasive answers it provided for familiar dry arguments. Have wets nothing to substitute for the 18th Amendment and the Volstead act? The witnesses had a great deal to substitute. In general, they spoke for states' rights, or, as Governor Roosevelt prefers, home rule.

Repeal the Amendment, said most of the witnesses. Then turn over the question to the states. Let dry states be dry. Let wet states adopt the Quebec system or any other good system which prohibits the saloon and suits their needs. Let the Federal Government revive and enforce its statutes dealing with the interstate shipment of liquor.

Is prohibition necessary for prosperity, is it necessary in this industrial age, this age of speedy transportation? W. W. Atterbury, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, thinks not. "I don't find prohibition has made a particle of difference with the discipline of our railroad," he said. Pierre S. du Pont, of E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company, doubted that prohibition had much effect on prosperity. Robert M. Hariss, broker and large-scale agriculturalist, declared that prohibition is economically unsound and that it bears directly on the farm depression. So it went. Considered as a whole, the testimony was strong. Prohibitionists are finding it hard to refute.

Underwood

FOR REPEAL

Pierre S. du Pont testifies in opposition to the 18th Amendment

Capitol vs. White House

CONGRESSIONAL TEMPERS sizzled over President Hoover's warning that, if proposed Federal expenditures totalling $1,735,000,000 were approved, taxes would have to be increased forty per cent. Mr. Hoover was promptly accused of attempting to discredit Congress by charging it impliedly with extravagance. Senator Glass, raging, insisted that nothing "more shameless" ever issued from the White House. Indignant legislators pointed out that Congress has already pared $28,000,000 from estimates approved by the President. There, they said triumphantly; who's economical now?

A second presidential statement, declaring that the warning was directed less at Congress than at the people back home, failed to mollify the injured innocents. Some asked cuttingly if Mr. Hoover had abandoned his policy of stimulating prosperity by expanding public works, numerous appropriations for which appeared among those he deplored. Others discoursed ironically on "legislative inexperience" leading the President to believe that Congressmen expected to get all the appropriations they asked for, particularly in election years.

Illustrating the rasping relationship between the President and Congress, the outburst perhaps also reflected dissatisfaction with the character of his leadership. Although the danger of a deficit is probably less great than the President imagines, the Administration doubtless has its troubles in planning expenditures. Taxes have been reduced to hearten business, while no one knows how much governmental revenue may decline as the result of the panic in the stock market, formerly a lush source of income. Taking a firm stand for economy, the President at least displayed a commendable desire to lead. What makes his action seem petty is his avoidance of such responsibility on matters far more pressing. On the tariff and the naval conference he has had little to say, and that little has not been commanding. Presidential leadership, is, it is needless to say, of minor value if exercised chiefly in behalf of minor causes.

North Carolina Drama

LIFE WAS ELECTRIC in North Carolina last summer. There were strikes, strike demonstrations, counter-demonstrations, kidnappings, floggings, killings, trials The state was news and the whole press knew it. It's not so today. Up North, newspapers crowd North Carolina stories into inside pages, jam them, as Governor Smith would say, "next to O'Sullivan's heels." Yet there is still drama in North Carolina. There is drama in Governor Gardner's fight to bring to trial the slayers of Ella May Wiggins. There is the grubby little drama of Mrs. Wiggins herself.

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They killed Ella May last September 14, in broad daylight, as she and a truckload of terrified companions fled from an anti-Communist mob which had halted them on their way to a strikers' rally in Gastonia. There were scores of witnesses. A coroner's jury dallied through several adjourned meetings and held nine men for the crime, but the Gaston County grand jury refused to indict. Governor Gardner thereupon sent Judge McElroy to launch another investigation. McElroy held fourteen men, including the first nine, but again the grand jury balked. Governor Gardner picked up the telephone, the presiding judge demanded a true bill, and, for five of the fourteen, he got it.

Solicitor Carpenter, bombastic prosecutor of defendants tried last summer for the killing of Police Chief Aderholt, seemed to be wavering. The congressional primaries were approaching, and perhaps he longed for his reward. Governor Gardner, acting without precedent, dispatched Attorney General Brummitt to aid the prosecution. Brummitt and Carpenter disagreed but Brummitt won his change of venue to Charlotte. There, in the very courtroom which saw the end of the Aderholt case, the trial of the five defendants has been going forward. Entirely aside from its outcome, this much can be said: You will make no mistake by filing the name Gardner in your mental envelope marked "Square Shooters." A public official who will battle like this in so unpopular a cause is a public official of whom North Carolina may or may not be, but certainly should be, proud.

▸▸*Mill Worker*

THE DRAMA OF Ella May Wiggins was played on no sumptuous stage. Thirty years ago, Ella May was born on Forney's Creek, which twists through the Carolina mountains a few miles from Georgia and a few more from Tennessee. Schooling occupied little of her youth; before long, she was working in a cotton mill. At seventeen she was the wife of John Wiggins, a year later a mother, and for the next twelve a wanderer from one mill village to another. A child was born at every stopping place.

Four years ago, Ella May, her husband, and four children went to live in Ranlo, a few miles from Gastonia. The two secured employment in the mill. John, shiftless, "laid off" on balmy days, and worked no harder when he knew that Ella May was to be confined again. The Welfare Department brought blankets and mattresses, of which they had none. The child was born. Wiggins sold the blankets and mattresses, spent the money, went to jail for non-support, got out, and abandoned his family. He said he was the father of only one of the children.

Six months slipped by. Then Ella May, tired and lonesome, moved to Bessemer City and went to live with her brother. Together they worked in the

Wide World

ELLA MAY

One of the few photographs of the murdered Mrs. Wiggins, of Bessemer City

American Mills. Ella May met Charlie Shope, who came over and boarded with the brother and sister. A child was born and Ella May named her Charlotte, for that was the biggest city she had ever seen. Charlie's name was on the birth certificate.

Nothing much happened to her for nearly two years. Then came the union organizers. The Bessemer mill folks liked Ella, who didn't know much about Communism but did know life in the cotton mills, and she became secretary of the local. Her urge to self-expression now came to public notice. She wrote some lines about "toiling mothers" and the Gastonians criticized her for leaving her children with other people while she attended union meetings.

They told Ella May she'd better leave those Communists alone. But she was a good speaker, she was proud of being a secretary, she enjoyed reading her "poetry" in the labor magazines, and she kept on going to the meetings. Not that she understood all the organizers talked about. But she liked the Sunday conventions, the free ice cream, the hearty sandwiches. She liked the jeering of the street-corner "town boys," and the cheering of the workers who stood around the porches while she talked of the "new day" that was coming. She liked the auto rides to the meetings and back. It was on just such a ride that she was killed. The truck was stopped by the anti-Communist mob. There was a sharp report. "Oh Lordy! He's shot me," cried Ella May, and died.

To this, her story, we respectfully call the attention of Sherwood Anderson.

▸▸*Farm Board Speculation*

WHEN THE PRICE of wheat slumped under a dollar a bushel, hitting the lowest level since 1914, the Federal Farm Board plunged boldly into speculation to overcome the law of supply and demand. The Farmers' National Grain Corporation, representing the co-operative associations, continued to buy wheat from members at prices from twenty to thirty cents higher than independent dealers could pay. Backed with millions from the Treasury, the recently established stabilization corporation went further. It not only purchased grain in the open market but contracted for future deliveries.

The subsequent rise in price almost to the figure set by the Board as fair, $1.18 and $1.25 a bushel, was considered a sufficient reply to the Senate's resolution asking the Board to recommend methods for averting a panic. The Board expressed itself as well pleased with the situation, though the outcome remains to be seen. A profitable price has been artificially fixed, but the Board's agencies have on hand at least 25,000,000 bushels of wheat. Of this they have purchased 10,000,000 bushels outright, they have made loans on 8,000,000 bushels, and they have contracted to buy 7,000,000 bushels. Someday, somehow, the Board must sell its wheat at the established purchase price or pocket a loss.

Moreover, conditions are fundamentally unsound. There is still a

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world-wide wheat surplus. Supply continues to exceed demand. Efforts to restrict the acreage of the crop soon to be planted are apparently at a standstill. The Grain Corporation's policy of purchasing only the wheat of members has drawn many farmers into cooperatives, but others hang back, hoping to fatten on fixed prices without being subject to regulation. Yet the success of the agricultural program depends first and last on restricting production. Otherwise the Board will find itself confronted with a constantly recurring and ever increasing surplus. To purchase this would bankrupt the Treasury; to store it would stud the Mississippi Valley with grain elevators.

How the Board will extricate itself is still to be determined. Contrary to its belief, not merely the independent commission merchants, the "roll-top desk farmers," whose trade is threatened by the Board's operations, but the country as a whole has been viewing its speculative activities with tongue tucked skeptically in cheek.

▸▸*Eddie Savoy*

LEAVING HIS POST as British Ambassador to Washington, Sir Esme Howard presented an autographed photograph to Eddie Savoy, door-keeper at the State Department. Which was as it should be. The photograph will join an imposing array of mementoes.

Eddie is more than door-keeper to the Secretary of State. He is a servitor of the polished Virginia school, an indispensable functionary, as every Secretary of State since Hamilton Fish has publicly testified. Ambassador Debuchi of Japan recognized his courtesy to the Japanese arms delegation with a fine diamond and platinum stickpin. For Elihu Root, to mention one of many, a visit to Washington without a call on Eddie would be quite unthinkable. When a new Secretary of State meets the Washington correspondents for the first time, the opening query, "Are you going to keep Eddie Savoy?" is always answered affirmatively. Whereupon, a chocolate, partly-bald head, waiting at the half-open door for the invariable assurance, is smilingly withdrawn.

The bandy-legged, grave, and dignified little Negro is a very pillar of diplomacy. But even diplomacy sometimes fails. When Russia and Japan were at war, the day came when, in spite of Eddie's endeavors, the Japanese and Russian Ambassadors met head on. The Japanese emissary thought fast. He swept the floor in a bow to the Russian, who was dean of the corps, and, according to Eddie, no harm was done.

Eddie's subtlety stood by him when President McKinley formally requested him to give the Spanish minister his passports in 1898. McKinley demanded positive proof that the errand had been discharged. Eddie liked the Spanish minister; he had poured him many a departmental eggnog at New Years breakfasts. Would it be too much to ask for the President's note, autographed, as a keepsake? Returning

Wide World

DOOR-KEEP-DIPLOMAT

Eddie Savoy, a figure and a power in official Washington

with his "positive proof," the messenger received the President's praise and the historic note as a souvenir.

Eddie's father was butler to Hamilton Fish, his mother a maid to Mrs. Fish, and the stately New Yorker, Secretary of State under Grant, became the colored youth's patron. That was sixty-one years ago. Eddie was fourteen. Though he is long past the retirement age, a special order by each succeeding Secretary keeps him at his post. For him there is no fear of patronage, Civil Service, or a change of Administration. In his high, cracked voice, he will explain, "I may not be indispensable, but I try to be."

▸▸*"War" Games*

EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE a vigilant newspaper reader will find in the back pages a series of four-inch stories to the effect that the "enemy fleet" has "bombed" the United States fortifications in a "surprise attack." This, of course, means war games, lately in progress in the Panama Canal Zone, with land, sea, and air forces all blazing away (beg pardon, "blazing away") at one another in the spirit of play.

It's rather fun the first few times. Like offering a guest a papier maché banana or telling him to call the number of the aquarium and ask for Mr. Fish. A pleasure of great simplicity. You exclaim, "Look! It says here the 'Black Fleet' has captured the Panama Canal." Every one crowds around excitedly and it's several seconds before they all see the joke. It's rather jolly, though you do get tired of it.

Now no one—at least, hardly any one—questions the value or the importance of these manoeuvres. Assuredly the defenders of America's hearths and homes must keep their hands and their guns in, just in case it should turn out that war had not been renounced as an instrument of national policy, after all. Even if, like Tristram Shandy's Uncle Toby, they only built up sham defenses and staged sham battles because they enjoyed it, they'd still have a right to do so. But must the reading public, year after year, be beguiled into taking part?

The fault lies with newspaper reporters, who insist upon being sham war-correspondents. A motion for reform is in order. Let the practice activities of the army and navy be described straightforwardly or not at all. Let them never under any circumstances be described playfully, with quotation marks.

▸▸*Bloodless Revolt*

THE ISLAND OF HAITI, lying between Cuba and Porto Rico, and occupied jointly by Haiti and the Dominican Republic, has been having more than its share of troubles. Just as the Hoover commissioners, appointed to investigate conditions in Haiti in the light of recent disorders, prepared to board the cruiser Rochester at Key West, word came that the northern part of the Dominican Republic had bred a revolution. By the time the commissioners had landed in Haiti, Rafael Estrella Urena, a leader of the Dominican rebels, had been made provisional President.

Senor Urena had helped to conduct a constitutional rebellion. At least, one assumes it was constitutional, since

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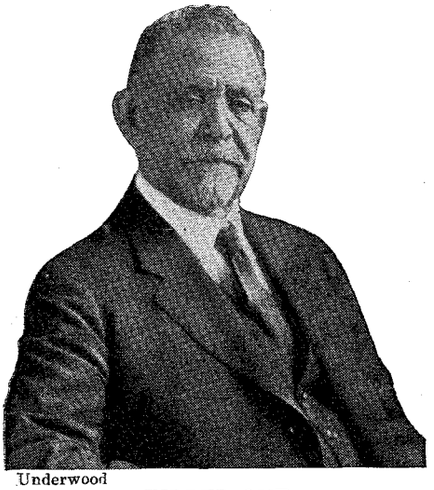
Washington feels amiable toward its leaders. Ordinarily, Washington deplores revolts in Latin-America as unconstitutional, and refuses to recognize those who win office thereby. Possibly it considers a constitutional revolution one in which the government forces give up without much of a struggle. Latin-America will wonder if the trick is to win without copious bloodshed.



Underwood

TIPPED OUT

Horatio Vasquez, forced to resign as President of the Dominican Republic

Urena's government became doubly constitutional through his appointment as Secretary of the Interior. Under the constitution, this official assumes the presidential duties in the absence of the vice-president—who in this case resigned—and the president—who resigned also. So that, theoretically Secretary of the Interior, Urena will in fact be president until the elections are held on May 15.

Apparently the Dominican insurrection had been smouldering two years. It gained headway when, in April, 1929, General Dawes, invited to revise the Dominican financial system, urged that the government go slow on public works and transfer its politics-ridden public utilities to private hands. The actual flare-up came soon after President Vásquez announced his plan to seek office again, despite the law against re-election, despite the fact that his four-year term had already been stretched to six years.

The insurgents, now in power, will presumably be retained in power at the May elections. Whether they are or not, continuing peace seems none too certain. By the time the Hoover commissioners are through studying Haiti, they may have to move over and study the Dominican Republic.

▶▶*Alice and Anna*

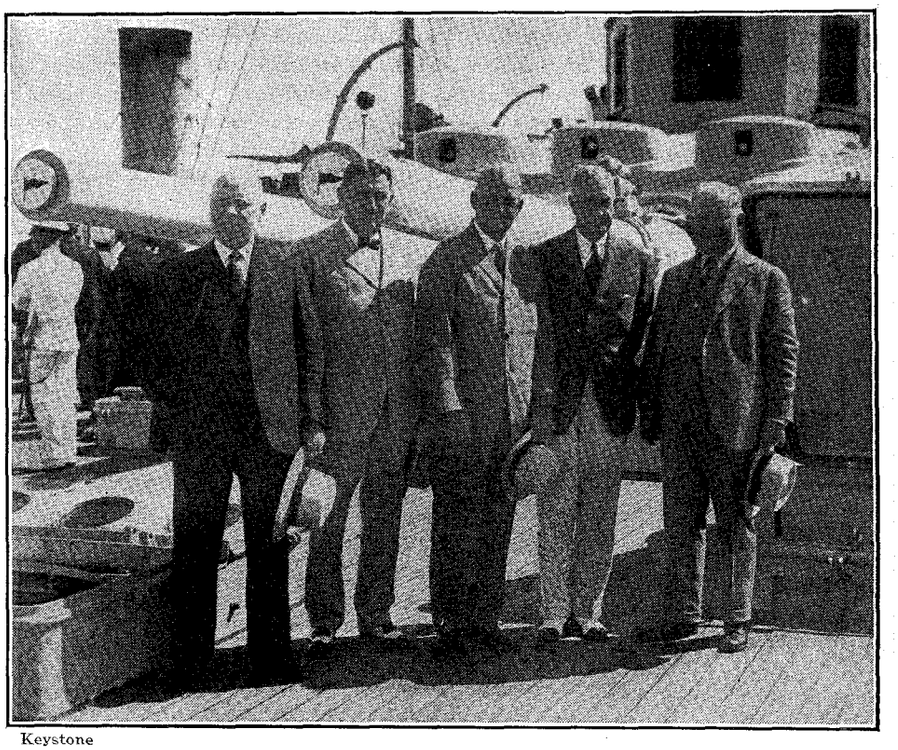
Poker Alice Tubbs and Mrs. Anna Sacher never heard of each other. Yet they both smoked big cigars and when they died recently, two days apart, one at seventy-seven, the other at seventy-one, one in South Dakota, the other in Vienna, two of history's stage-sets were definitely blacked out.

Few living men remember Poker Alice and the companions of her heyday. She remembered them all—Wild Bill Hickok, Calamity Jane, Deadwood Dick, and the rest who figured in the gold-rush mining camps. Born in Devonshire, England, she came to western America with her family and married a mining engineer who taught her how to deal cards and handle a shotgun. Later, she married a big-time gambler and her luck was better than his. While she was still in her prime, the times passed her by. The big shots of border days died as quickly as they had lived; the West sprouted dry goods stores and dude ranches. Alice tried marrying again, this time in South Dakota. She tried bootlegging, got caught, and was let off because of her white hair. To the end of her life she clung to her cigars and to the name of her second husband, the big-time gambler.

A tonier sort was Mrs. Anna Sacher, proprietor of the Sacher Hotel in Vienna. When Mrs. Sacher first took to smoking cigars and leading her fine pair of bulldogs through the streets, Vienna was an important capital. A line of state carriages drawn up in front of her hotel meant that political matters of consequence to all Europe were probably being threshed out inside. She scrutinized all comers. If they were royalty or aristocrats or members of the opera ballet, she had room; if they were merely rich, she hadn't. The rule remained after the War had pricked Vienna's greatness and glorified the parvenu. So the hotel went to seed, and Mrs. Sacher, who had had a play written about her and a confection named for her, a year before her death was declared by the courts incapable of managing her affairs. Poker Alice would have sympathized with her. Both knew what it means to outlive one's era.

▶▶*The Europa*

School's out in Hamburg when a new ship leaves the yards. Both children and burghers gathered at the harbor front to cheer the low racing funnels of the giant liner, Europa, out of sight on the recent trial trip to Norway and



Keystone

INVESTIGATORS

Haiti Commissioners Vezine, Kearny, Forbes, Fletcher and White, photographed aboard the Rochester

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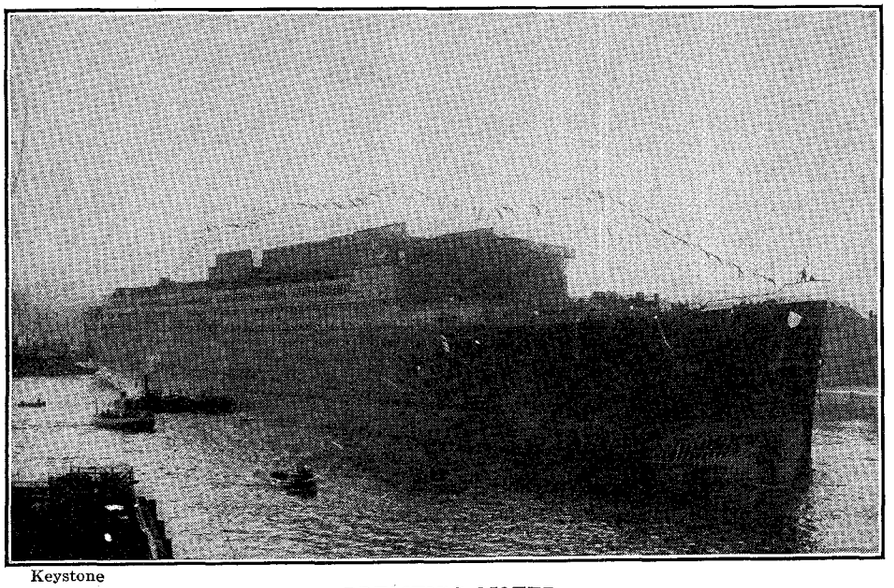
Scotland. The Europa, it will be remembered, was launched at Hamburg and christened by Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman, then American Ambassador to Germany, in August, 1928. Her 46,000-ton sister, the Bremen, took to the water at approximately the same time. A mysterious fire, breaking out some months later inside the half-completed Europa, played $4,500,000-worth of havoc. The Bremen, therefore, entered the service alone last August, boasting stream lines and a bar on every deck, capturing the blue pennant from the Mauretania, and setting the fashion for speed on the seas.

Reports are scanty as to the details of the Europa's fittings and appearance, revealing only that she is blunt-bowed as the Bremen and decorated by the modernists. She is intended to equal, possibly eclipse, the Bremen in speed. The sisters will queen it over the Atlantic without rivals either in speed or luxury next season. But perhaps for one season only.

Last summer's record-breaking, coupled with talk of transatlantic air service, set shipyards all astir. The United States Lines are expected to lay down two new ships this year, bigger and better than ever. If the new specifications for the White Star's Oceanic are carried out, this will be a liner nearly 20,000 tons heavier than the Bremen and Europa with the most luxurious passenger accommodations ever heard of. And the Cunard lines, with their proposed super-Aquitania, nearly as large as the Oceanic and much faster, may have an eye directed toward the Bremen's blue pennant. All this to the end that those who go down to the sea in ships may do so ever more hurriedly and with swank beyond compare.



Keystone

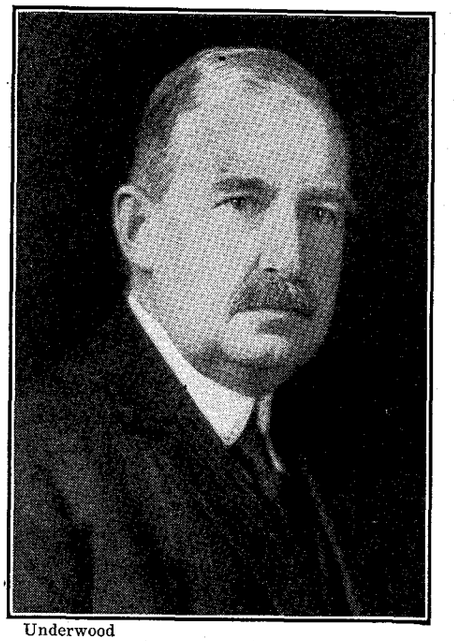
BREMEN'S SISTER
The Europa, as she looked after launching, at Hamburg

▶▶*Officially Unofficial*

LATEST OF AMERICANS to be off for Europe on officially unofficial business are Gates W. McGarrah and Leon Fraser, who will serve on the World Bank's board of directors. Like Owen D. Young and J. P. Morgan, who helped frame the reparations settlement providing for the bank, like Jackson E. Reynolds and Melvin A. Traylor, who assisted in drawing up its charter, they serve in a dual capacity. Officially, they act as private citizens at the request of foreign governments. Unofficially, they represent the United States. The situation is not without humor. Mr. McGarrah, in Washington before his departure for Basle, had to pretend that he called on President Hoover, Secretary Mellon, and Undersecretary Mills merely as an old personal friend of all three.

Behind such make-believe lies, first, American reluctance to recognize the relationship between German reparations and the war debts to the United States; secondly, the ancient American fear of foreign entanglements. Both appeared in an address by Rep. McFadden, who introduced resolutions asking the State Department and the Secretary of the Treasury for "full information" concerning our "involvement" in international politics and finance.

Because of such fears, the proposals



Underwood

WORLD BANKER
Gates W. McGarrah, becomes director of Bank of International Settlements

to have the Federal Reserve System represented on the World Bank's directorate was extracted from the original plan—extracted, yet, paradoxically, left in place. Mr. McGarrah, who is almost certain to become Chairman of the World Bank, resigned as chairman of the board of the New York Federal Reserve Bank to accept his new position. Asked the probable relationship between the World Bank and the Federal Reserve, he replied that it would be as close as that between the Federal Reserve and the Bank of England. That relationship is famously close.

Open or furtive, representation of the United States and the Federal Reserve System in the affairs of the World Bank is inevitable. In a recent address, Mr. Reynolds pointed out that the bank would concern itself not only with German reparations, but, on a huge scale, with international credit and finance. From such an institution no nation with the far-flung financial interests of the United States could keep wholly aloof. With Mr. McGarrah and Mr. Fraser—the latter was counsel to the committee which drew up the Dawes plan in 1924—on the World Bank board, our representation may be unofficial or unofficially official, but it will be representation just the same.

▶▶*Old Age Security*

THE PICTURE OF OLD AGE going over the hill to the poor-house belongs with

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the cruel step-mother and the stern father who sends his erring daughter out into the blizzard—belongs, that is, in a reminiscent wood cut by John Held. The problem of governmental provision for aged dependents is capable of kindly and humanitarian solution. Many foreign countries have established successful systems; two or three states in this country have followed suit. Other states should watch with interest the progress of the Mastick old age security bill in the New York Legislature. They will soon be instituting such reforms themselves.

Old age relief was one of the subjects Governor Roosevelt discussed with the Legislature on taking office more than a year ago. A legislative commission, headed by Senator Mastick, was appointed at the Governor's request to study and report. Though its recommendations are not up to Governor Roosevelt's expectations, he has indicated that he will accept them as steps in the right direction.

The Mastick plan centers around the establishment of a state and county system of pensions for the needy of 70 years or more, the cost to be shared equally between counties and state. The amount of assistance given each person, determined by the County Commissioner of Public Welfare and subject to the authority of the State Department of Social Welfare, would vary from five to fifty dollars a month. Thus responsible aged persons would be able to live out their lives among their families and friends with a sense of security and self-respect, some depending wholly on Government help but many requiring no more than a small, regular sum to supplement their earnings.

Governor Roosevelt's chief objection is that this savors too much of a system of doles. An ideal system, he believes, would provide for a Government-controlled system of saving by individual workers to provide for their old age, with the amount of the final pensions based on the amount saved during wage-earning years. Such a system cannot be inaugurated overnight, however, and there are many for whom it would come too late. Undoubtedly the Mastick plan, at present a stop-gap, can in time be improved. The important thing just now is that a move has been made in terms of social justice to relieve old age of indignity and sadness. It is because capitalism, puffing but determined, thus strives to keep pace with society's changing needs and ideals that the socialist party makes few political gains in the United States.

▶▶*The Mess at Miami*

Look at it from a week's distance and the bout between Phil Scott, English heavyweight champion, and Jack Sharkey, American champion, at Miami still looks sour. Sporting writers, differing on whether, when, or how often the Englishman was fouled, agree that he was hopelessly outclassed. Betting before the fight ran five to one on Sharkey, with precious few takers, which in itself suggests that the show never should have been staged.

Scott weathered the first round, but went down for a count of six in the second. In the third he went down again, then again. Then, a few moments, later, still again. This time he claimed a foul. A Miami Boxing Commission physician found a contusion on one hip which "might have come from contact with the ropes," and a sciatic nerve condition in one leg which "might have come from a sudden motion or falling slowly." The physician "would not say whether the complaints came from foul or fair blows." That decision was left with the referee, who had seen no incapacitating punches land below the belt. Scott was therefore directed to continue, but in short order he was hanging over the red velvet ropes, perhaps because he couldn't go on, perhaps because he wouldn't. Sharkey was thereupon declared winner.

So much for the bare outline. It takes no account of attendant facts which made the term "sporting contest" absurd. It takes no account of Scott's peculiar record, which made him look suspicious when he began his familiar writhing in the resin. It takes no account of Sharkey's shouting, stamping, and weeping during that confused third round or of his wrathy insults to the defeated Englishman. It takes no account of this statement, after the fight, from Scott: "It was a rotten, wicked decision. . . . I know that I was fouled at least half a dozen times. I counted them." Or of this one attributed to Sharkey: "He quit cold; that's all I can say about the fight."

One would search hard in any other form of professional athletics before finding a similar exhibition of bad sportsmanship. The mess at Miami again raises the question why professional boxing should be a privileged child, allowed to exist far below standards which other professional sports are expected to meet as a matter of course. It does not seem over-idealistic to insist that boxing pull itself up to the far from sky-high standards of, say, professional baseball.

Remarkable Remarks

The United States is more socialistic than any other country in the world but Russia.—Count Michael Karolyi.

All the nations are moving closer toward peace. Witness the great minds gathered at the Naval Disarmament Conference as they bend every effort to relieve the strain on your pocketbook.—The Literary Digest.

The kind of wine Jesus made was as harmless as buttermilk.—Brother Ben M. Bogard.

Unless they want a return of the traffic in hard liquor, the law needs no change.—Rep. Franklin W. Fort.

The jail symbolizes America's faith in God and order.—Rev. Dr. Howard E. Hand.

Being a very conscientious New England Yankee, born to state facts as they are, I have chafed under the bally-hoo of many a write-up. —Rudy Vallee.

Boop-de-oop may not make as much sense as Vesti la Giubba but it kind of gives people a better idea of what it's all about.—Elwood D. Ullman, Jr.

When one lives by his emotions alone, one becomes as dry as a soda biscuit.—Joseph Hergesheimer.

A hog is always happier than a man and a bacillus is happier than a hog.—H. L. Mencken.

Sometimes men can be the awfullest nuisances in the world.—Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

▶▶*In Brief*

They say George Arliss showed very little interest in naval disarmament during his recent visit to London. Mr. Arliss ought to be made a delegate. . . . Rather cruel of Westchester County, New York, to boast that it has fifty-six private and four public golf courses. Now nobody will want to live anywhere else. . . . The winner of that Nutley, N. J., contest, held to see who can stay awake longest while listening to a radio, is to receive a radio set, which, say what you will, does seem like a suitable award. . . . Deaths from automobile accidents in the United States numbered

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31,000 in 1929, as compared with 28,000 in 1928. This goes to show what can be accomplished by a good strong anti-accident campaign, carried on with vigor and determination. . . . A newspaper dispatch from Georgia reveals that "an untold quantity of radium lies locked in the granite of Stone Mountain." Why not carve it into a gigantic statue of someone? . . . Zaro Agha of Constantinople, who is, perhaps, 156 years old, and who has never taken a drink, has admittedly had twelve wives. One trusts the American Anti-Alcohol Society, which may sponsor Zaro Agha's tour in the United States, is certain that the gentleman contented himself with one wife at a time. We, for one, will stand for no subtle attack on the institution of monogamy. . . .

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE FIND even favorable critics of the President to be pessimistic at the results of his first year in the White House. They concede that things are going wrong, and the best they can say is that it is still too soon to look for consummation of his many reforms. The President himself, we hear, is restless, not sleeping well and inclined to be petulant—a not unnatural reaction, perhaps, in one who must experience a feeling of bafflement that plans which he thinks well conceived cannot be executed with despatch and without heckling. He cannot understand, we are told, why the Congress, the public and the press are not unanimous in acclaiming and accelerating his various proposals for making this the most efficient of all possible governments.

This summary of what the presidency has done to Mr. Hoover, we hasten to add, is not offered in criticism. It is our understanding of his current mood, and we can hardly blame him for it. Not in years has a Chief Executive faced so many difficulties not of his own making. Hardly had he launched a far-reaching —some call it "radical"—program for giving the farmer a decent price for wheat before a Canadian pool began to manipulate the market. The echoes of hopeful utterances of world statesmen for stabilization of navies—nobody refers to it as "reduction" any more—had not died away in St. James Palace before the French Parliament tried to emulate our own "sons of the wild jackass." As soon as he moved to meet his pledge of law enforcement, his co-prohibitionists on Capitol Hill set out to discredit the Wickershamites. There have been even more embarrassing reverses, but these latter, from a broad standpoint, are comparatively unimportant, since success in his major ventures—economic improvement of agriculture, world peace and law enforcement—would more than offset parliamentary and political checks.

Now, in mentioning the President's "favorable critics," we did not mean such untrustworthy observers as distant editorial Solomons. We were referring to Mr. Hoover's intimates, and, more particularly, to Republican spokesmen in Congress. We were thinking of the remark a western Senator recently made to a colleague from a great middle western state. "Jim," said the first, who is a G. O. P. leader, "what is the matter with our President?"

"Charlie," replied Jim, "the first difficulty is that he has no political sense, and the second is that he listens to nobody who has any."

We hear this criticism everywhere, together with a persistent curiosity as to who, if anybody, is advising the President. Whoever it is, we can vouch for the general belief that he is falling down on the job in a big way. If he were not, we doubt if the President would take the attitude toward the political aspects of his great office that he does. We understand, for instance, that in a recent conversation he said he did not give a whoop about "votes or politics," or even reelection, and that his only concern was good government. He expressed impatience and incredulity with the suggestion that his ambition could be realized only through "political" cooperation with Congress and the Republican party. Nobody—not even such sagacious political students as Mark Sullivan, Frank Kent and William Hard—has told him, and he has not discovered it for himself, that our really great and successful Presidents were, first of all, clever politicians.

If this seems rather harsh toward the President, it is not meant to be. Indeed, it is offered in the hope that some of his counsellors will take the advice to heart—and to the White House—as they have been kind enough to do with other suggestions advanced in these columns. Moreover, there are indications—slight as yet—that Mr. Hoover is learning. Following a recent patronage dispute, he confessed to the Senator concerned that he had made a mistake and promised not to repeat it. So unlike his normal, neglectful treatment of party politicians was this rather rueful admission that the Senator was immediately conciliated, and has since pulled the President out of several holes. We also learn that a small, stag dinner given to Mr. Hoover by Vice-President Curtis had a wholesome effect in improving relations between the Chief Executive and his legislative mud-horses. The little group smoked their pipes, joshed one another, sat in undress—figuratively, of course—and told Mr. Hoover of some of the shortcomings we have cited. More affairs of this sort are planned, we understand, and if the President meets the right men, his path will be made smoother. One beneficial result would be the scrapping or subordination of the White House secretariat, whose incompetent advice has let "the Chief" in for a lot of trouble. Another might be the dissipation of the presidential suspicion that politics per se is a sordid and selfish game. Mr. Hoover might discover that his great lack is a few political advisers of the kind we call "regular guys."

A. F. C.

Kirby in N. Y. World

Teamwork in Washington

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Shoplifter

The Autobiography of an Ex-Thief

By JOHN COFFEY

There were honest jobs to be had, but Coffey had developed a distaste for "drudgery and monotony." So he turned to pool. A little later he was initiated into shoplifting, the trade that he made an art. But the inevitable girl got him into a fight in which he used a knife, and presently he was again bound for the reformatory

MY FATHER soon noticed that I was making no effort to get a job, and began accusing me of a willingness to let him support me in idleness, after he had given me a better education than any one else in the family. Did I think myself above work? Better than himself and my mother and brothers and sisters? Was I going to become an educated fool and loafer, or worse? "Your poor mother upstairs has made herself an invalid for life slaving and denying herself for the lot of ye. If you can't live decently for your own sake or mine you oughtn't to add to her misery in the few years she has left, the finest mother a boy ever had."

At such moments I felt sharply the shamefulness of my action, but each of the several times I resolved to change, before I went far with my effort, distaste for the drudgery and monotony of what jobs I saw in the help wanted columns, returned me to playing pool. In a short time I stopped living at home, thus avoiding my father's accusations and the sight of the pain and helplessness of my mother. I went to live in a furnished room in the Tenderloin, which was already occupied by a fellow pool-shark. He and I had agreed to act as partners in pool "hustling," which gave us considerable advantage in games in which our opponents were each relying solely on themselves.

Our partnership proceeded profitably for several weeks, most of our playing being done in Tenderloin poolrooms, where from day to day I met many fellows I had known at the reformatory; through them I became acquainted with their underworld companions, so that soon I was well-known and accepted as a "right guy." One of the reformatory acquaintances I met was Skink, the fellow who had stolen the superintendent's newspapers and sent them to me in the punishment cell. Skink seemed quite prosperous and his friendship and admiration for me led him often to offer to back me in pool games.

At first I refused these offers, because my partner and I had enough money to back ourselves and didn't want to let any one in on our partnership. But at the end of several weeks my partner was disabled by venereal disease, and not long after that our money was so low that I had to ask Skink to back me. I found myself much below my best skill, and realized that the loss of it had come from relying very little upon it in the weeks when the crooked partnership had made winning easy. I tried hard to regain my full ability, but before I could do so Skink went broke backing me.

Skink made no complaint. After my final failure he said: "Come on. I'll borrow a deuce and we'll eat." He looked up a fellow he knew, borrowed two dollars and we went to a restaurant.

While eating I told Skink I felt obligated to repay some of what he had lost. "I was off my game," I said. "I thought I could get going. I shouldn't have taken a chance on your dough."

"Forget it," he answered. "You tried to win. You didn't throw me. I'll get more where that came from. I'll have plenty this time tomorrow."

I knew Skink was a shoplifter, had heard him spoken of as one of the cleverest in Philadelphia. The room rent of my partner, Harry, and myself was due; we would have to borrow money to eat. Winning at pool was too uncertain to depend on. Why shouldn't I learn a racket like Skink's—have it to fall back on when pool-playing failed me? I was as clever as Skink, and had as much nerve. Skink would tell me how he went about it. I asked him to tell me.

He described to me what he usually did. He went into a department store, either wearing an overcoat or raincoat, or carrying one over his arm. He went near the counter from which he wanted to take something—silk stockings, lingerie, shirtwaists, silk shirts—looked around, sizing every one up, salespeople and customers, and what they were doing, to see what chance there was of any one's observing him; if everything was all right he went straight to what he wanted, selected what he wanted to take, put it into position for quick and easy taking, looked all around again at every one—then whisked the stuff beneath his coat and walked away. "Don't let much time pass," he said. "The longer you hang around the more chance there is of somebody getting suspicious." He knew the store detectives in the various stores and described each to me, advised me to watch specially for them and avoid giving them a chance to spot me hanging around. "They'll tip each other off to look out for you, even if they only suspect you're up to something. If you think one of them's spotted you, walk out, but don't go to another store in the same day, or at least not for several hours. Give them a chance to forget about you and think about somebody else."

THE NEXT DAY I borrowed a raincoat and went down to a Market Street store. I tried to follow Skink's instructions. Several times, at different counters, I had things in a pile, ready for the final move. Each time there seemed too many people around whose attention was unoccupied; I seemed surrounded by numerous pairs of quick, sharp eyes. My heart thumped and my muscles became incapable of moving. After several failures I grew ashamed of my cowardice. I decided to make myself take something, watchers or no watchers. A few minutes later I was out of the store, with two pieces of what I thought an expensive silver set under my coat. A block away I entered a saloon and went to the toilet. Both pieces had a tag marked $1.98—they were cheap plated ware. I wrapped them in newspaper, took them out to the street and threw them down the nearest sewer. Then I bought and drank a cup of coffee and went back to the store.

I made several new attempts. Each time alert eyes were everywhere around me, and my muscles wouldn't move. I heard the first bell announcing closing time. I decided to give up for the day

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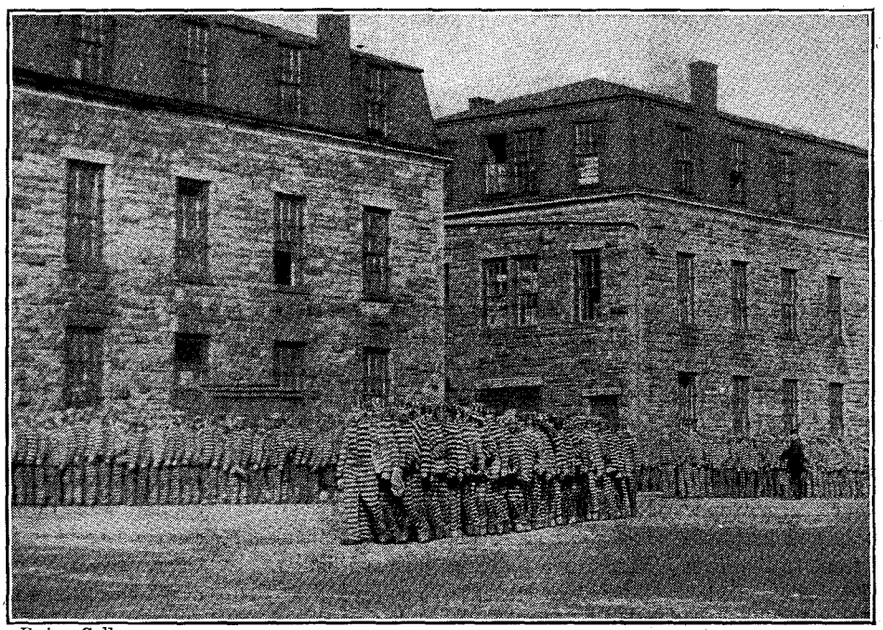
—there wasn't time for me to overcome my inability to go through with the thing. But I'd be back in the morning. "I'll prove I've got enough nerve, even if I get pinched doing it," I told myself.

On my way out I noticed that I had been sweating a great deal, and decided to go to the wash room and wash and cool off before going out. A salesman directed me to a men's room near the men's clothing department on the third floor. I went in and first sat down in one of the toilet booths. I was so tired I sat there until some time after the second closing bell had rung. I heard others—their conversation indicating that they were employees — come in, wash and leave. When I felt considerably rested and relaxed, I left the booth, saw every one had left, washed my hands and face, and then went out into the store.

All the lights on the floor, except those at the stairways and in front of the elevators, were out. In front of me, as I stood looking around, I saw the rows of tables piled with overcoats which I had noticed in passing to the men's room. I could see no one around. I moved ahead between the tables until I reached the row deepest in darkness. I crouched down and pulled one of the coats from the table. I felt over it for the size and price tags I knew were on it, and removed them. Then I folded up the raincoat I had brought along, wrapped it in the overcoat, threw the latter over my arm and, after standing a moment and looking around without seeing any one, walked toward the stairway. I was sure I could leave the store as though I were an employee just finished work, but prepared myself to run if any one should stop and question me. No one did. I passed into the street with the employees, saying good-night, as the rest did, to the man who stood at the door. An hour later I sold the overcoat for ten dollars and had planned that the next day I'd get another—no, two more; I'd go in without any coat, fold one up and wrap it inside another as I had the raincoat.

Each day following, except Sundays, for several weeks, I stole and sold two overcoats, following the method I had discovered by chance. After the first few days I progressed to the point of selecting the most expensive cloth coat I could find, then taking the highest-priced fur coat in stock, and carrying the first out inside the second. I had taken my best suit from pawn so that I might look the part of a man capable of owning an expensive fur coat. Day after day I noticed no suspicion in any one toward me. Often, instead, the man who stood at the door as I left was so impressed by the sight of the fur coat over my arm that to the "good-night" he gave to ordinary employees he added the "sir" he usually addressed to the higher-ups of the store.



Ewing Galloway

PRISON DRESS—OLD STYLE
Striped suits have been abandoned since Coffey's day

My success bore various fruits. Not only was my need of money completely relieved, but also every few moments I could put my hand in my trousers' pocket and feel a thick roll of bills reposing there. And my appearance had been enriched; I wore a fur-lined coat—one lined with seal and with a Persian lamb collar—and I had a twelve dollar black velour soft hat, as well as an expensive plush cap. Along with these pleasant results, I enjoyed finding myself receiving more and more friendly attention from various "big-guys" in the Tenderloin. I was made to feel that they considered me within their important and superior class; many of the women around returned my glances and smiles, instead of looking past me, as they usually had done previously. I was welcomed among drinking parties making the rounds of cabarets, and responded to this welcome by trying to buy more rounds of drinks than any one else.

My spending was soon up to my income. I added to my stealing scheme by stealing another fur coat each day. This was accomplished by taking it from the men's clothing department to one of the wardrobes, bureaux or chests in the furniture department, and using the key always at hand to lock it in, so that none of the porters, while cleaning during the night, might accidentally discover it. Then I'd return to the men's clothing department, take the cloth and the fur coats I usually stole, and leave the store. The next morning, as soon as the store opened, I'd go to the furniture department, wait until no one was near where the coat was hid, take it, and leave.

A few days later I developed the scheme further. Instead of hiding just one man's coat in the furniture department, I packed six women's fur coats into two large paper bags I had brought in with me and hid them, taking them out the next morning. This last development was so profitable that I was freed of the necessity of stealing every day; once a week became sufficient. The women's coats I selected averaged $300 a piece, and I usually sold them at one-third or one-fourth of their value, so that each trip to a store yielded $500 or $600.

Weeks of wild spending, drinking, dancing, passed. Many women attracted me, but each soon lost her charm. Then one night at a cabaret I saw a very pretty girl, black-haired and brown-eyed, slender and graceful, sitting with another woman and a fellow

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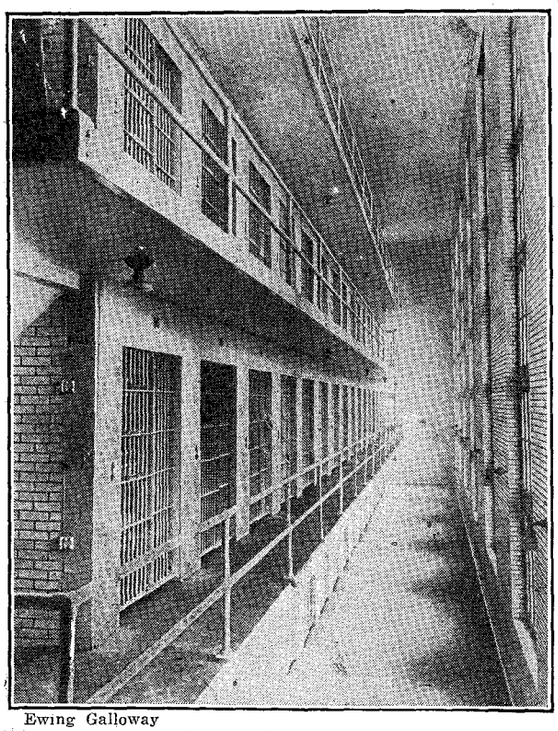
I knew. I asked if I could join them. They made me welcome. We drank and I danced, many times, with Amy. I proposed to her and the other two that we all should go to New York, and do Broadway, at my expense. They agreed. We stayed in New York for four days. Every moment I fell more deeply in love with Amy. Her young dark loveliness, her gay liveliness and grace fulfilled my ideal of a lover. For the first time I was loved by such a being and in such a way as I had dreamed of.

Late the fourth day, we took a train back to Philadelphia. My money was low and I needed to replenish it quickly. On the train Dick—the other fellow in the party—and I left the girls and went to the smoking-car to drink a quart of whiskey he had brought along. By the time the train was nearing North Philadelphia we had finished the quart and decided to return to the coach where we had left the girls. As we entered the coach Amy rose from her seat and ran to me. She told me with tears in her eyes that a drunken sailor who had come on the train had sat beside her and insulted and annoyed her, and had continued doing so after she demanded that he leave. She pointed toward the other end of the car, where the sailor was getting a drink. We went to our seat, on which was a bundle that Amy said the sailor had left behind. I saw the sailor coming back up the aisle. I picked up his bundle and threw it into a vacant seat across the aisle. I noticed that he saw me do it, and waited for him to come up.

"That was my bundle," he said.

"Yes, and this is yours, too," I answered, meaning the right fist I landed on his jaw with all my might, knocking him over into the opposite seat on top of his bundle. Before he could recover his feet and come back at me several passengers from ahead jumped up and came between us. Two of them led him to the front of the car; two others stayed to prevent me from following.

When we reached Broad Street Station the two passengers who restrained me came and asked me to stay behind a few minutes while the other two passengers were leading the sailor out of the station. I protested enough to make Amy take tight hold of my arm and plead with me to do as I was asked, then consented. But both the precaution and my bluff left out of account the possibility of the sailor coming back into the station after being led out. As we went down the main stairway from the train level we met him coming up with another sailor. Seeing us, he came up to me and challenged me to fight. "Sure," I said, "but let's go out and around to a back street." I told the girls not to follow, but to wait for Dick and me at a nearby restaurant. I hoped to get out of fighting, but didn't want Amy to know I had such a desire. I kissed her and then led the way to the back street. On the way Dick said: "Here, take this; he's pretty husky," and handed me something. It was a penknife; with the large blade, about three inches long, opened. I put it in my right coat-pocket.



Ewing Galloway

Prison cells—new style

We went behind a large building in a deserted side street. I saw that the pavement sloped and tried to take advantage of it by keeping above him. When we had been fighting a few minutes it became quite plain he was stronger and knew more about fighting than I. I did my best to keep out of range of his blows, or to clinch with him and hold; hoping to continue such tactics until he was too tired to hurt me. He kept rushing, swinging, punching, and complaining that I was afraid to fight. I began to feel tired, too tired to keep out of reach easily, or to stay in a clinch. He saw and felt my weakness. The other sailor did too. "You've got him, he's goin', give it to him!" I heard him say. My opponent, encouraged, came for me. I could barely keep my hands up; I watched for a chance to clinch. I thought how Amy might feel if I came back beaten up. I clinched again. He pushed me loose, punched my jaw with his right, and knocked me down. I was glad Amy hadn't come. He stood over me, waiting. Dick and the other sailor stepped in. "Let him get up," both said. "Get up," he said down at me. "I'll get up." I answered.

I thought of the knife; as I got up I took the knife from my pocket with my right hand, holding the blade against my wrist, hidden by my sleeve. He rushed me. I ducked into a clinch, and stuck him in the back, three times. He broke loose. He didn't know he was cut. He came at me again. I clinched again; stuck him several times more. His arms dropped loose. I stuck him again. "He's cut me, the —— —— —— cut me," he said, and dropped to the ground. "Come on, Dick," I said; and ran. The other sailor followed us, hollering "Police!" I turned and ran toward him, brandishing the knife. He turned back. I rejoined Dick. We turned several corners, then walked in a roundabout way to the restaurant where the girls waited. We passed under the Reading railroad tracks on Race Street, and I thought of throwing the knife up on the tracks. "No, don't," Dick said; "They'll never get us for this. I'll keep it—no use throwing it away." I gave it back to him. He said my face wasn't marked. We agreed to tell the girls I had licked the sailor, but not to mention the knife.

We stopped at the Reading Terminal, Twelfth and Market Streets, and in the washroom there I removed as much as I could the marks of battle. Then we went on a block and met the girls. I kissed Amy. "What happened?" they both asked. "Johnny knocked hell out of him," Dick said. I felt like getting drunk. There was less than ten dollars in the party, so I decided to borrow some. We went to a cabaret at Twelfth and Vine Streets, where I borrowed twenty dollars from the head-

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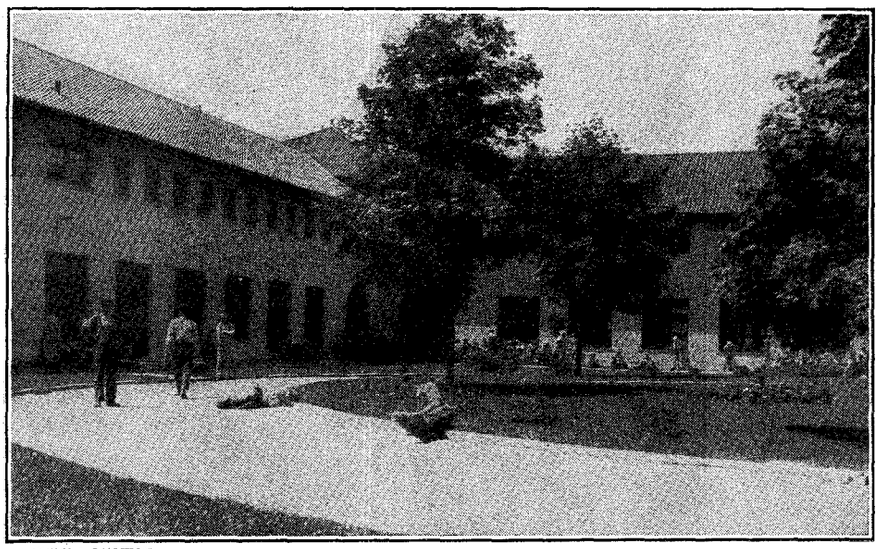
waiter, to whom I had sold a fur coat for himself and one for his wife. We stayed there several hours. I got quite drunk. Amy stopped dancing with me and danced several times with a tall, good-looking fellow from another table. I got sore, and told her not to dance with the fellow any more. I told her that if she did she'd see some shooting. She answered: "Darling, you're drunk; I'm going to take you home." That was what I wanted.

We took a taxi to an apartment I had rented a few days before our trip to New York. Dick and his girl came with us. As I turned the key to open the apartment door, two men came from behind and grabbed Dick and me. A third made the women hold their hands in the air. The apartment door was opened from within and two more men appeared. The five brought the four of us into the apartment and searched us thoroughly. They found the penknife on Dick, looked at the blades in the light, and the one who held it said: "There's blood on it."



Ewing Galloway

A prison yard

They took us to the Hahnemann Hospital on Broad Street. We had to wait there awhile. Then a nurse came and beckoned to the detectives. They brought us in to where the sailor lay. I had become hardened and didn't feel sorry for the sailor. He turned his head toward me and pointed at me. "That's him," he said. A detective held up the knife before him, and asked, "Is this the knife?" "I guess so," the sailor answered, and turned his head away. The nurse told the detectives to leave.

We spent the rest of the night in the City Hall detention cells. In the morning a magistrate held Dick and me without bail to await the results of the sailor's injuries. I was glad to know he hadn't died yet. Amy and Ann, Dick's girl, were held in $500 bail as material witnesses. I looked toward Amy. She looked back angrily. I motioned that my heart was hers. She turned away sharply. "All right," I thought, "you can go to hell. I can forget you." I avoided looking at her until we were being led out. Then she motioned to me, with an appealing look, to get her out. I softened toward her, and tried to think how I could get her bail. Three dollars was all the money I had. Several fellows owed me various amounts on coats I had sold them and their girls. Perhaps I could get some one to collect from them, and buy bail for Amy.

Before I was taken from the detention cell in the City Hall to Moyamensing, the county prison, a lawyer came to see me. He mentioned the name of a fellow who had sent him. I gave him a list of the fellows who owed me money and the amount each owed, telling him to ask the fellow who had sent him to collect as much as he could of the money and use it to get Amy bail. Then I asked him to find out as soon as possible how seriously the sailor had been hurt and let me know. He said he would; then asked how the thing happened. I had been thinking about what to say, and told him what had happened, except that I said I had been licking the sailor; that he had pulled the knife on me and I had wrenched his arm and taken it away from him. Then I said that he had kicked me in the groin with his knee and, when he tried to do it again I had used the knife on him. The lawyer said that made a pretty good case of self-defense, but he thought that the best way to handle the case was to have bail set as soon as possible, then to get bail, and when I was out to dig up enough money to "fix" the case. Perhaps $500 would be enough, he said. All I'd need would be enough money. How much did I think I could get? My hopes rose. I said I could get several thousand dollars in a short time if it was necessary, and thought bitterly of how much I had spent in the weeks just past. What a stupid sucker I had been!

The next six weeks I spent at Moyamensing, and not until the last few days did I know that the sailor would recover. Amy had gone out on bail during the second week, and had promptly forgotten, or decided to neglect, the rest of us. I tried to dismiss her from my mind, but her image, and the memory of our experience together in New York stayed with me steadily and vividly. I learned that she had mentioned to Ann, in the sailor's hearing, the address of my apartment, and he had passed it on to the police, making our arrest possible; but it made no difference. I wanted her.

When arrested I had given the alias of John Maher, wanting to keep my right name out of the newspapers; but the police had found a handbill in my pocket that advertised a pool exhibition I had given, the reporters had seen it, and some of the papers gave my right name. My older brother came to see if it was really I. He told me that my father had been "hit awful hard" by the thing, and had sent word that if there was anything he could do to help me to let him know. He'd have come himself to see me but felt he couldn't bear to see me behind bars. I asked my brother to tell him to forget about me, that I wasn't worth bothering about. I asked if our mother knew anything about me. He said they had kept the newspapers from her but she had learned somehow that something was wrong; and was always asking. He said her condition had been getting worse, and that the doctor said she mightn't live long. It would serve me right never to see her again.

(Please Turn to Page 438)

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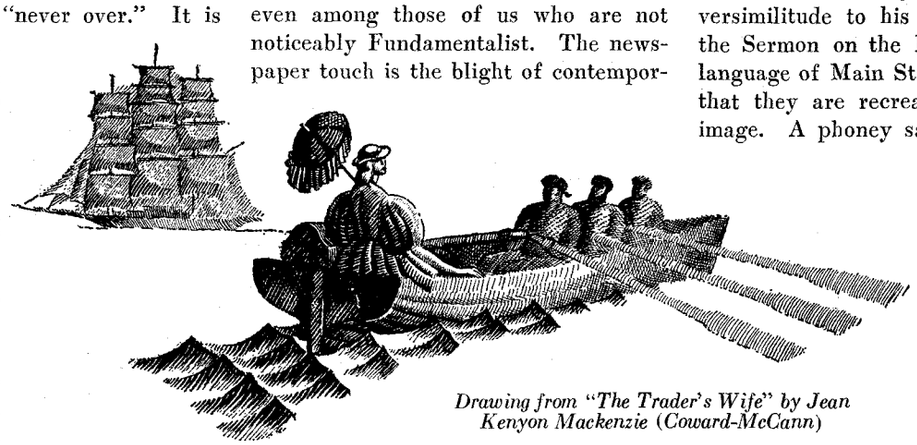
The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Pity for Murderers

IN THE OPENING chapters of *It's Never Over* by Morley Callaghan (Scribners $2.50), an unusually interesting and provocative novel, Fred Thompson is hanged for murder. The rest of the book concerns the effect of the execution upon his family and friends. Now Mr. Callaghan has written a dramatic and swiftly moving story. The initial catastrophe is presented in stark unsentimental statements, which are nevertheless fraught with pity and terror. The sinister memory of Fred Thompson becomes the real protagonist of a fine psychological study, which, while acknowledging its sombre power, we still believe to be based on an utterly false hypothesis. In the emotional wave which has recently swept the country, particularly since the prison riots, the horror of capital punishment has reached such frenzy that cause and effect often are lamentably confused. Too frequently, as in the present instance, legal execution is the one ghastly fact in the annals of criminology, which is "never over." It is not the crime, but its expiation, which in the mob hysteria of the moment is regarded as the irremediable disaster. True, "it's never over." Is it then over when a man steps down from the gallows or walks out of prison a free man with the mark of Cain? Does the primal eldest curse cease to function because the law has not executed the final toll? Is it "over" for a mother when her son enters penitentiary for life? Are the sins of the father only visited upon the child by means of the electric chair? Is it over for the murderer himself—Fugitive and Wanderer upon the Earth—when he is let off—pardoned or paroled? What are his alternatives? Is the whole matter dismissed from his consciousness? Such conclusions insult the dignity of Man's Nature, seldom so shallow as certain loose-thinking sociologists would have us infer. Hastily granting that Mr. Callaghan has written a novel and a good one, not a tract on criminology, we must still question the artistic verities of any human document which ignores a Sense of Guilt as an element of tragedy. The manner of Fred Thompson's dying, not the murder he committed, has been made the center of conflict in this novel. We believe this to be a basic error weakening the whole structure of the novel which remains superficial where it might be profound. There are experiences which are "never over," out of which no happiness can be saved. To the blood-guilty there is no respite, no peace this side the grave. Neither for them nor their kindred. At best there remains the consolation of religion. Out of the depths I have cried unto thee. Fred Thompson's death was external, incidental; the evil that he did lived after him. However we may hold with modern theories of criminology, the doctrine of human responsibility still has its dramatic and aesthetic adherents, even among those of us who are not noticeably Fundamentalist. The newspaper touch is the blight of contemporary writing. A trap dropped, a rope tightened,—that is accident. But the voice of a brother's blood crying from the ground, Cain hidden from the face of his Lord—this is tragedy.

MARY SHIRLEY.



Drawing from "The Trader's Wife" by Jean Kenyon Mackenzie (Coward-McCann)

The Week's Reading

IN THE WHIMSICAL and ironical tale of *Saint Udo* by H. L. Masten (Houghton Mifflin $2.50), we find a monk of Renaissance Italy inventing a patron saint, "Udo, the Martyr," because forsooth, he did not like the bona fide Udo. In excess of zeal he even provided relics of the Holy Udo. Great was his wondering when these poor bones worked miraculous cures among the devout. Suffering martyrdom, the monk was finally entombed under the very altar erected to the saint of his invention and after the passage of years he became identified with Holy Udo Martyr and was venerated as his own saint! In gently philosophic mood, colored by the mysticism of the Roman church this novel recalls another book about a monk and a martyr. This is not another *Bridge of San Luis Rey* but it is well worth reading. It has both wit and tenderness. We say with no intent to disparage that it would make a gorgeous movie. There is a certain visual appeal, there is a real romance and plenty of action. On the other hand the author has made the mistake common among contemporary writers of using a rather ordinary, colloquial speech of today, apparently in the belief that he thereby lends vitality and versimilitude to his characters. With the Sermon on the Mount done in the language of Main Street some men feel that they are recreating God in their image. A phoney saint could scarcely hope for better treatment. Nevertheless, Saint Udo is worthy of nobler language than that in which his creator has seen fit to invest him.

M. J. Farrell, the author of *Taking Chances* (Lippincott, $2.50), has built upon tried and true material which she nevertheless contrives to make freshly interesting and even charming. County families, the hunting set, the young squire "carrying on" with his tenant's daughter, an illegitimate child in the offing—this reliable stuff of English romance has braved the battle and the breeze almost as long as the Union Jack itself. In the present instance Ireland is the scene and those who know Irish hunting will say that therein

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lies all the difference! *Taking Chances* owes its sprightliness and *élan* in large measure to the delightfully flexible and free use of English—or is it Irish speech—which the characters employ most convincingly. In distributing the wages of sin we think the author has been a bit unfair. The poor young squire pays and pays and pays while his wife and her lover are let off with nothing more dreadful in prospect than the necessity of living out of Ireland. Anyway, it is a good tale, well-told.

Marguerite Steen's *Reluctant Madonna* (Stokes $2.50) deals with a woman who is placed on a stiflingly ascetic pedestal by her husband and her son. The husband, Lord Beauminster, in expiation of a premarital relation with his wife abstains from relations with her after the birth of his son, Malstrom. A similar quixotic strain in Malstrom causes him to marry the woman that should only have been his mistress. Follow a series of sticky entanglements that leave the reader with a bad taste in the mouth. Miss Steen's notions of aristocracy seem a trifle grandiose and what starts out as a sophisticated novel degenerates into a treacly sort of confection in the end.

Pistols in the Morning by Donald Barr Chidsey (John Day $2.00) is again the real old-fashioned southern novel. A return to romance in fiction was to be expected along with the present revival of romanticism in costume. With trains and flounces, laces and long gloves, what more appropriate than an ante-bellum tale of New Orleans and the Mississippi, with such a title as *Pistols in the Morning!* For were we not assured long ago by Oscar Wilde that art imitates life? Now that we are slightly tired of bobs and boyishness and the realistic novel, comes Donald Barr Chidsey's really charming novel of a river gambler and a high-born Creole beauty. Through the medium of direct and vivid yet delicate style, the author has suffused his story in "olden golden glory of the days gone by."

Three Strange Lovers by V. F. Calverton (Macaulay $2.50) is a book of unusual stories about little-used material. The characters in the stories are clinical cases. The author goes to the psychopathic hospital, and out of this Nazareth brings literary art.

The style is characterized by a compact emotional intensity. The author accomplishes the very difficult feat, considering the themes, of maintaining suspense to the end.

The first of the three stories, *The Strange Lover,* which occupies half the book, is easily the most important, and destined to become historically a type and exemplar of phychological fiction.

Fortunately, although there are two or three lapses, Mr. Calverton usually avoids both the artificial and the banal. He is a Poe with a knowledge of twentieth century psychology,—but not quite, as yet, Poe's perfection of style.

In relation to American literature in general, *Three Strange Lovers* will command a definite place. It will not rank with the greatest literature, but it will mark an original achievement in literary history.

The persistence and vitality of the New England tradition in the midst of all our varied alien influences is one phenomenon of American life. In the case of the heroine Marilla Lamprey, as in *Heirs* by Cornelia James Cannon (Little Brown $2.50), this tradition has warped and distorted more than it has purified and strengthened her nature.

Marilla and her husband are both heirs—he to the important woolen mills of a New Hampshire town, she to those intangible but powerful and ultimately cruel and selfish Puritan inhibitions. The situation reaching a crisis, she goes to Italy for an indefinite stay. There, while the mystic and aesthetic side of her nature is amply satisfied, she is at the same time restored to something like a normal outlook by contact with the happy, simple Italians. At this juncture she is called home by her husband's illness—an illness which leaves him a helpless cripple. It is only with the prospect of lifelong sacrifice and devotion before her that Marilla's nature flowers at last. We are inclined to think that her husband, paid too dearly for his wife's love. That is a matter which the author wisely allows each reader to reckon with, but we doubt that any one not imbued with the spirit of New England will be resigned to such an ending. It is a tribute to the reality of Mrs. Cannon's characters that we closed the book with almost intolerable annoyance at its conclusion.

Inside the Covers

Articles We Recommend in the Latest Magazines

The Archangel Adventure, by an Army Officer. American Mercury, March.
Except for the fact that the bodies of 75 American soldiers who died in Russia were recently brought home, the country at large knows little about the purpose or results of the Archangel campaign against the Bolshevicks that began in July, 1918. The author, necessarily anonymous, submits a judicial analysis of the amazing blunders which marked the inception and execution of this wild dream of the British General Staff.

The Closed Arena, by S. S. Van Dine, Scribners, March.
This is not a detective story or the beginning of a mystery yarn. The author, a distinguished literary man under his real name, has written of the inherent drama of murder trials, explaining why the public displays such passionate interest in them. This, he claims, is not morbid curiosity, but a natural and genuine absorption. "There," most of us can say, "but for the Grace of God, go I."

Soviet Treatment of Scientists, by W. Horsley Gantt. Current History, March.
Of the millions of Russians who were reduced to abject poverty during the revolution and subsequent upheavals, the professional classes suffered as much, if not more, hardship and persecution as any other. The author, after five years among the Soviets, believes that the position of Science is improving and that scientists are receiving encouragement at the hands of the government irrespective of party affiliation. Particularly in social hygiene work can real progress be noted.

Groundwork Laid for Improvement in Coming Months, by B. C. Forbes. Forbes', March 1.
Although we have had a stock panic, industrial depression and no little unemployment, "the alarmist predictions of what would happen to instalment merchandise have not been fulfilled. Although little has been said or written about it, this fact has not been overlooked in responsible circles."

Let's Have Another Party, by George Creel. World's Work, March.
The war time chairman of the Federal Committee on Public Information—a lifelong Democrat—suggests scrapping the Democratic Party. He proposes a re-alignment of political forces.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from he following bookshops each week:
BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

The Woman of Andros, by Thornton P. Wilder: A. & C. Boni. A lovely prose poem on the beauty of frustration. Reviewed February 26.

The Hidden City, by Philip Gibbs: Doubleday Doran. London life as seen by a doctor; another of Sir Philip's reports on social conditions in fictional form. Reviewed January 29.

Coronet, by Manuel Komroff: Coward-McCann. A philosophical romance of the fall of aristocracy, beginning in Sixteenth Century Florence and ending in present-day Chicago. Full of color and vigor. Reviewed January 8.

All Our Yesterdays, by H. M. Tomlinson: Harper. One of the most profound of war books, and a noble piece of English prose. Reviewed January 8.

The Million Pound Deposit, by E. P. Oppenheim: Little, Brown. The indefatigable Oppenheim up to his usual form in his 109th story about crime in high-life. Reviewed January 15.

Non-Fiction

The Rise of American Civilization, by Charles and Mary Beard: Macmillan. One volume edition of an American classic. Original edition reviewed June 7, 1927.

Is Sex Necessary, by James Thurber and E. B. White: Harper. Providing a valuable catharsis of laughter.

Lincoln, by Emil Ludwig: Little, Brown. In his explosive technique, Ludwig informs us that in Lincoln we have a man "immemorably unique." Reviewed February 19.

New Worlds to Conquer, by Richard Halliburton: Bobbs, Merrill. Daring adventures dramatically told for the rocking chair traveler. Reviewed December 25.

The Art of Thinking, by Abbe Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. The continued appearance of this excellent book on the list shows that we still like to know how it is done. Reviewed May 22.

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Behind the Blurbs

CHICAGO HAS COME in for so much harsh criticism of late that it seems only fair to bring forward such items as are available on the credit side of the ledger. One such is the "purified" Bible which a gentleman in that city has just published. All indelicacies and improprieties are replaced with rows of asterisks. Certain of the less creditable activities of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob are thus omitted, and those evil-minded folk who have gloated over the "begats" and have by them been influenced to their own harm, will find in place of them only blank starry spaces. With this Bible came a small pamphlet, the "Index Expurgatorius," which contains all deleted passages. Presumably this collection of indelicacies is issued for the use of ministers, doctors and professional men only. It must have been fun getting it together. ☙ ☙ ☙ The first number of *The Colophon,* a new book collectors' quarterly, has just appeared. Issued under the supervision of Elmer Adler, and very beautifully gotten up. Includes autobiographical articles by Sherwood Anderson, McFee and Menchen on their first published efforts. ☙ ☙ ☙ The March Limited Editions Club book is *Two Mediaeval Tales by R L S,* ill. by C. B. Falls. ☙ ☙ ☙ Our favorite African explorer is Delia J. Akeley, because she can write interestingly of her experiences and can convey to the reader some idea of what the interior of that continent looks and smells and feels like. Her *Jungle Portraits*[1] tells of the habits and peculiarities of apes and monkeys, of adventures with elephants and crocodiles, of snakes and lizards that drop from overhanging branches into your canoe, of flamingoes and pigmies and the Congo jungle and a lot of other interesting things. Not the least important feature of the book is the picture it gives of the writer, of the courage, resourcefulness and endurance shown by her in penetrating the steaming and treacherous jungle in search of pigmies, in hunting elephants in the forest, and particularly in the rescue related in the last chapter, when she forced her disaffected porters to make a dangerous night journey to bring out her husband who had been injured by an elephant and abandoned by his guides. ☙ ☙ ☙ In *My Reminiscences as a Cowboy*[2] Frank Harris appears in a new rôle—as cowboy, Injun fighter, and campmate of Wild Bill Hickok. As a boy of seventeen he went into partnership with an Englishman, Reece, and brought a herd of cattle up from the border to Chicago, where he sold them the day before the Chicago Fire. Liberally sprinkled with marauding Indians, sinister Mexicans, buffalo hunts, rides for life, pistol and knife fights, the story of this trip is as exciting as Mr. Harris intended it to be—and it is also a graphic, straightforward story of life on the plains. Well worth reading. ☙ ☙ ☙ One of the most interesting books we have read in a long time is *Dead Towns and Living Men*[3], in which an archaeologist writes of the human side of his work in Egypt, Italy, Syria and Mesopotamia. If your idea of an archaeologist is a sort of Professor Dryasdust, with a head full of dates and hieroglyphics, read this book for a pleasant reversal of opinion. The author, one of the foremost men in the field, is interested in the men as well as the towns—indeed if he were not, he would be of no great use in the work, for without diplomatic and cool-headed management little would be accomplished,—and his stories of difficulties met and overcome, his character sketches of native workmen and headmen and officials, are full of interest and color and humor. ☙ ☙ ☙ *The Trader's Wife*[4] is a touching, beautifully and simply written little story of a delicate New England girl who married a trader and went out to West Africa. Lonely, uncomprehending, there was no place for her there. And when a shipment of miserable, starving slaves is housed temporarily by another trader in the barracoon in her husband's clearing, she does what she knows she must do, and passes out of Africa unnoticed. ☙ ☙ ☙ Another African book—East Africa this time—is *People of the Small Arrow*[5]. These are stories of the lives of the natives themselves, lives untouched by white civilization, and the author's knowledge, gained by actually living among them, is put to excellent use. We like the black and white decorative illustrations by Pearl Binder, which are twice as interesting in themselves for being subordinated to the text. ☙ ☙ ☙ Our favorite adventure story colonels are Messrs. Granby and Gore. We'd like to suggest to Messrs. Beeding and Brock that they collaborate on a tale to be called *The Two Colonels,* in which those resourceful officers would be pitted against each other. It would have a big sale with us. For when they are matched against even the most diabolical of villains, how easily and gaily they win. In *The League of Discontent*[6] Col. Granby brings it off again. Pretty queer doings up at the chateau, where that sinful voluptuary, the Count, in 18th Century costume, protected by enormous negroes, holds revel amid the dancing girls, and threatens the peace of Europe while entertaining the crippled Master criminal, Caramac, the swindler Richards, and the fanatic General Tanyi. But Col. G., with the help of a couple of friends, finds out who murdered the miller and what is under the 14th stair in the dovecote, and the villains get their'n.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. Macmillan, $3.50.
2. Boni Paper Books, 75c.
3. By C. Leonard Woolley: Oxford, $2.00.
4. By Jean Kenyon Mackenzie: Coward-McCann, $2.00.
5. By J. H. Driberg: Brewer & Warren, $3.00.
6. By Francis Beeding. Little Brown, $2.00.

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Religion's Voice

As Heard in Recent Books

RELIGION IS SOMETIMES defined as man's reaction to the totality of things. In this sense every man is religious and the particular theory he holds as to this relationship with the universe is his religion. But this is also the field of philosophy, so it is inevitable that the two should be nearly inseparable and it is highly important that religious thinkers should keep fully abreast of the philosophic thought of the time. In this field three recent books are worthy of the deepest study. The first is by that eminent educationalist, John Dewey. It is called *The Quest for Certainty* (Minton, Balch). This is a statement of the ripened philosophy of a great thinker who believes that philosophy is valueless unless it is a guide to man in his practical activities. With Dewey the method is primary and he would have us seek the solution for our problems, "within our own interests and activities rather than in outworn tradition or casual impulse." Dewey, probably better than any one else has caught the mood of our age and interpreted us to ourselves. But our mood is changing and we are not quite so ready to be satisfied with pragmatic evasions. It is this fact which helps to explain the deep interest which has been taken in the fuller statement of the philosophy of Alfred N. Whitehead.

In *Process and Reality* (Mac millan) Professor Whitehead thoroughly develops his system of thought. It is difficult reading, in fact so difficult that those without philosophical training will find little or no meaning in it. But the meaning is there and the man who would even pretend to an acquaintance with modern thought must give it deep study. Unlike so many philosophers, Whitehead seems to have no prejudice against using the word God. But his concept of God as, "the principle of concretion," is difficult to grasp. Moreover, such a concept is not particularly inspiring as an object of worship. However, the fact that Whitehead writes with a complete knowledge of modern science and yet makes his cosmology center in God is significant of the change in the philosophical weather. *Mind and the World Order* by Clarence Irving Lewis (Scribners), another Harvard professor, is a more readable discussion of the problems of philosophy. Professor Lewis hurls his shafts against idealism but he frankly points out the probability that "between a sufficiently critical idealism and a sufficiently critical realism there are no issues save false issues which arise from the insidious fallacies of the copy-theory of knowledge." All of these books are difficult but they will repay earnest study.

A knowledge of philosophy is necessary to evaluate the importance of religion in the life of the race. It is just as necessary to know how the great historical religions have arisen and what they have taught. One of the best ways to get this background is to read an old book, *Orpheus* by Salamon Reinach (Horace Liveright). This volume has just been brought up to date by the author himself. While minor criticisms may be made such as his French prejudice concerning the religious effect of the World War, it is one of the best historical surveys of the religious field we have. Especially today when the anti-religious drive of the Soviets is being conducted with such vigor it is important for us to note the words of this historian, "Those who talked and still talk of doing away with religion by police regulations . . . . have ignored the conditions of intellectual progress."

Again the history of religion is instructive as we consider modern Humanism. This general attitude was the attitude of Confucius. To see humanism in perspective one must know something of Confucianism. An unusually readable book on this ancient way of life is just off the press. The title is *Confucianism* (Covici-Friede) and the author is Professor Frederick Starr of the University of Chicago. This volume deals not only with the thought of this Chinese master but of the great thinkers who followed and developed his thought, Mencius, Hauncius, Chu Hai and Wang Yang Ming. It is a most attractive introduction to this religion which is professed by so many millions in the East and which is today exercising an increasing fascination upon great numbers in the West. Professor Starr writes with authority, clarity and charm

As philosophy and the history of religions are indispensable studies for the religious-minded, no earnest seeker can afford to ignore these books cited above.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

AS MOST of the world knows, or will very shortly, Roark Bradford's book *Old Man Adam an' his Chillun* has been dramatized at last. More, Marc Connelly—who in this instance has been in charge of the transmutation—has done the precise thing which distinguishes the genuine dramatist from the mere adapter. He has been fired by the idea behind the book: the Southern negro's imaginative picture of Biblical history and the Lord Himself. So he has gone to the sources himself, and has built a play with a coherent story of its own; full of moving moments as well as joyous entertainment—in effect, the plain, humble story of the Lord and his troubles and grief over Man, His pet idea and an ornery, disappointing critter from the beginning.

Sacrilegious?

Well, the next time you are in New York, go to the Mansfield theatre as soon as possible, and see if you can keep your eyes dry over the efforts of this endlessly patient, plain, good Lord, who so suspiciously resembles an old colored preacher. Watch Him trying to run the universe from His little office in Heaven, trying to get one bit of comfort, one grain of love or obedience, in return, from His ungrateful favorite child. And reflect on your question.

"Put the thunderbolts back in the boxes, Gabe," He says sadly, when even wrath and individual destruction fail. "We'll have to try somethin' else."

Gabriel, less patient than the Lord, suggests just plain wiping them all out; or trying some other animal.

"What?" thunders the Lord. "And admit Ah'm licked?"

This Lord is never licked. He hopes against hope, from the days of the Garden of Eden, through the Flood, Egypt, Babylon, all down the panorama of the days of Man. Like Man himself, He struggles, suffers, knows grief, and grows in understanding; until the day when He was a God of Wrath, is far in the dim past and he stands forth a God of mercy and compassion; dressed in the simple clothes of an old negro preacher but for all of that a cosmic portrait of God created in man's image—the more moving because he is created in the image of the humble, untutored negro of the deep South.

The Plays of the Week

The Green Pastures, by Marc Connelly at the Mansfield, West 47th Street.

The Apple Cart, by George Bernard Shaw—a Theatre Guild production at the Martin Beck, West 45th Street.

Here is a Lord who is no abstraction but who resembles the reverend Mr. Du Bois whom the children in the Sunday School know. This is a familiar Lord, who actually makes the weather a little hotter or "a mite cooler," who sits in Noah's humble cabin and gives that rare man a ten cent segar as a preliminary to confiding in him His plans for a flood; who fulfills His promises to Moses in Egypt and in sight of the walls of Jericho takes him to Heaven where life is one long magnificent fish fry through eternity.

Such a Lord is viewed through a mist of laughter and tears that cannot hide His utter goodness, His patience, His compassion. Here is a good man whose stature reaches to Heaven itself. Here is religion.

The magnificent spirituals which accompany the scenes heighten the effect of primitive mind and emotion beyond belief. All the ridiculous color of Egypt and Pharaoh's court, the cabaret which is Babylon, the Harlem crowd which jeers at Noah as he builds the ark—all these burlesque pictures are somehow infused with the pathos of a genuine spiritual belief, heightened by the echoes of the songs and the half remembered words of the Bible. Tense drama follows upon burlesque and there is no sense of outrage. In fact, this whole panorama may be funny to you, at the outset. But it is not funny to the race that sees it thus in its heart. And that reality comes through. Don't fear. It will not be funny to you for long, except as laughter and tears are inextricably joined together. Were not the Hebrews and the Lord all colored, it might be your own childish Sunday School picture of the Bible brought to life again.

Briefly, *The Green Pastures* is the event of the season on Broadway. We hope it will take the pennant away from *Abie's Irish Rose.*

WE SAY this despite the fact that last week saw the production by the Theatre Guild of Bernard Shaw's *The Apple Cart.* And no such brilliant mixture of pure burlesque with intellectual coruscations can afford to be overlooked.

Yet, after all, the King of England, at a not distant date in the future, plays a political trick on a Cabinet, and while he is waiting to play this trick he proves he is a good boy and a model husband by resisting a horsey courtesan who rolls him on the floor—and that, in a few short words, is the story of *The Apple Cart.*

Here is the final exaggeration of all of Shaw's tendencies as a dramatist. Action has totally disappeared and all the characters sit on chairs, hour in and hour out. The characters themselves are as close to mere pure ideas as you can get, and still have distinct people. All real emotion has disappeared and in its place is a burlesque seduction scene: wit masking impotence. And in the place of human emotion is the brain of Shaw, bulging larger and larger, filling the stage, hard and brilliant, glittering like a jewel. Unquestionably, it is still the largest jewel in the dramatic jeweler's window. And *The Apple Cart* is evidence that it has a shining facet on the side of political extravaganza.

We only wish the sum total were something more vital than a slightly arid, penetrating, pessimistic joke on democracy.

The Outlook's Tabloid Guide to Current Shows

*Strictly Dishonorable: Love and adventure in a speak-easy—delightful light comedy.
Sweet Adeline: The nineties with lovely music—amusing, well staged.
Journey's End: The great war play, perfectly acted. The event of the season.
Street Scene: Pulitzer Prize Winner. Tragic realism in a brown stone front.
It's A Wise Child: Cleverly constructed farce-comedy about illegitimacy.
*Berkeley Square: Some metaphysics, a little magic, and much beauty—with Leslie Howard.
June Moon: Comic strip wise-cracking in Tin Pan Alley.
*Fifty Million Frenchmen: Expertly produced musical comedy.
*Sons o' Guns: A gay musical show with the irrepressible Jack Donahue & alluring Lily Damita.
The First Mrs. Fraser: An uneven English comedy of manners.
Wake Up and Dream: A very engaging London importation with Jack Buchanan.
Heads Up: A progressively entertaining extravaganza with amusing Victor Moore.
*Michael and Mary: A tender and witty comedy of real human beings.
Children of Darkness: Skillful and effective prison drama of 1725.
*Death Takes a Holiday: A magnificent idea about Death, inexpertly handled.
Meteor: A fair portrait of an egotist—with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne.
*Strike Up the Band: Amusing lyrics, indifferent music—with genial Clark and McCullough.
At the Bottom: Gorki's Lower Depths with Americanisms—bitter, powerful, impressive.
Rebound: Excellent cake, but not enough bread and butter.
The Boundary Line: Emotional conflict among suburbanites—good characterization.
Dishonored Lady: Melodrama of the deepest dye—with Katherine Cornell.
Many a Slip: True, touching, and immensely entertaining comedy about marriage.
Topaze: Hats off to Lee Shubert for bringing this comedy from Paris.
Ritzy: An insurance salesman inherits money. The play isn't up to the actors.
*The Infinite Shoeblack: Indigestible Scotch emotion at home and abroad—with Helen Menken.
Those We Love: Honest portrayal of domestic infelicity—good acting saves an old theme.

*Indicates the leading attractions as reported by theatre brokers.

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The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"Song of the West"

UNFORTUNATE comparisons can be drawn between this new all-color and song operetta and the all black, white and silent *Covered Wagon* of some years ago, for while this film also has winding trains of covered wagons, '49er saloons, dance halls, and two-gun bad men, it is pretty much of a washout. *Song of the West* somehow fails to bring to life the period it depicts. It is stagy, artificial, and dull. Furthermore, both the color work and recording are hazy, to be nice about it.

When it appeared on Broadway it was called *Rainbow* and lasted one week, if my evil old memory serves me right. Hollywood's abject worship of eastern showmanship extends even to the flops. At present the leading rôles are sung by John Boles and Vivian Segal, but the comic moments by Joe E. Brown are easily the best in the film.

While I am being disagreeable it might be pointed out that there are too many songs in the movies at present. They may sell sheet music at the door, but they slow up the story and action. Furthermore, the operatic medium is antiquated. Even with vastly superior voices and scores, opera houses all over the world are beginning to show vacant seats these days. Operatic technique is a creaky old boat, full of leaks, in which the infant industry now insists on putting out to sea. It's all very disappointing.

"A Lady to Love"

Vilma Banky's first all-talking picture turns out to be nothing less than a third appearance of Sidney Howard's *They Knew What They Wanted*, this time with a splendid performance by Edward G. Robinson as the excitable little Italian grape-grower who marries a San Francisco waitress by mail. Miss Banky is sadly miscast, and speaks with a decided accent, but she does very bravely indeed. She is a much better actress than I had ever suspected, although she is hardly to be compared to Pauline Lord. As to her English, it has vastly improved since she stammered "I luff you" last spring in *This Is Heaven*.

Now, such things may be beyond the understanding of a mere movie critic, but I utterly fail to see how Metro expects people to get excited about *They Knew What They Wanted* at this late date. Since 1925 this play has been seen in every large city in the country, while the silent film with Pola Negri filtered down into the very smallest towns. Aren't we ever to have any more novelty?

Mabel Normand

The Associated Press correspondent in Hollywood appears to be the original author of that great big enormous titanic super-epic of the cosmic picture screen, "came the dawn." At any rate he regularly sends over the wires bits of the most dramatic prose being written today. Even Mabel Normand's death brought forth the following:

"Mabel Normand is dead. The elfin film comedienne, who took her final cue from the Great Director on Sunday, went into the fade-out as she entered the prologue—smiling . . . her private secretary and closest friend told how . . . she faced the end of the picture smiling in those quiet hours before dawn."

Worth Seeing

Anna Christie: Greta Garbo—"she talks!"—with a strange, deep voice, in Eugene O'Neill's play.
Disraeli: George Arliss is still a best seller, even in his old piece.
The Green Goddess: Again Mr. Arliss, this time in a Rajah's robes. Also Alice Joyce and H. B. Warner.
Men Without Women: Dramatic consequences of a submarine wreck, well directed.
Not So Dumb: Marion Davies as your old friend **Dulcy.**
Roadhouse Nights: Never mind the title—a first-rate story about newspapermen and bootleggers, with Helen Morgan and Charles Ruggles.
The Rogue Song: Lawrence Tibbett of grand opera, in a rather routine operetta.
Seven Days Leave: Beryl Mercer and Gary Cooper are both convincing and touching in Barrie's story.
Street of Chance: William Powell as a big-time gambler—well written and well-directed.
The Vagabond King: The best of the borrowings from the stage, with Dennis King singing his old role.
The Virginian: Another fine performance by Gary Cooper.

Not So Good

***Hit the Deck, No, No, Nanette, Sally, Rio Rita* and *So Long Letty*:** Old musical shows, now on phonograph records.
Slightly Scarlet: Clive Brook and Evelyn Brent as a pair of well-mannered jewel thieves. Very mild indeed.

"Moviana"

Russian children are not allowed to see Doug Fairbanks' *Don Q* which is said to contain capitalistic propaganda. . . . *The Cock Eyed World* was cut to ribbons by N. Y. censors *after* running four weeks with enormous audiences. . . . Detroit has three movies running 24 hours a day. . . . The latest cry of patrons when the talkie apparatus goes blooie is "Drop another nickel!"

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Boy with Fiddle

By PITTS SANBORN

TWO PRODIGIOUS youngsters have lately stood out in the musical scene. Both emerged in San Francisco and both are violinists. Yehudi Menuhin, the Jewish boy, is now fourteen and so approaching man's estate. The development of this healthy, milk-fed child has been poised and steady. Nobody is worrying about his future. Ruggiero Ricci, of Italian origin, is only nine. Naturally, his fate is more problematic. But he has started out with a talent so phenomenal that some profess to believe metempshchosis the only explanation. Be that as it may, this grave child of nine, with his thatch of black hair and his long, shrewd nose, in some respects surpasses today the honored veterans of the fiddle.

Mature violinists of rank gaze at each other in amazement when he gives a concert and declare that nothing like it has been known. A sober judge of singularly expert experience, a man who always has my ear when the brethren of the Stradivarius are concerned, has told me that no other violinist that he has ever heard—bar none!—could equal the Ricci boy in the Mendelssohn concerto. It may not be amiss bear in mind that within the memory of this gentleman the Mendelssohn concerto has been played hereabouts by Ysaye, Kreisler, Elman, Zimbalist, Heifetz, to say nothing of a host of lesser luminaries. Call this uncanny! Here is another uncanny detail. The morning after his New York recital the child was up with the lark and begging his guardian, Miss Beth Lackey, to let him practise arpeggios right away, for it seems that at his recital he had muffed one note in an arpeggio passage of a Paganini piece, and consciousness of that venial fault had given him no rest.

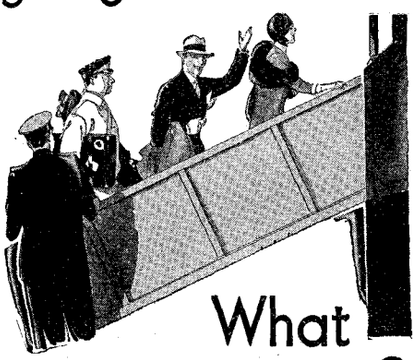
Louis Persinger, who has supervised the little fellow's training as he has that of Yehudi Menuhin, discovered Ruggiero's talent about three years ago. After the triumph of Yehudi it was natural that San Francisco parents should bring any of their children that indicated talent for the violin to play for Mr. Persinger. One such parent, an Italian born in Naples, who himself played the trombone, turned up with the request that some way be found for his boy to have "real" violin instruction. The battle-horse which the child bestrode for Mr. Persinger's delectation was *The Blue Bells of Scotland*. His achievement with this mount, together with the successful outcome of a subsequent examination that Mr. Persinger put him through, convinced the teacher that lessons given the young Italian-American would not be wasted. So he entrusted him to his assistant, Miss Lackey, who had already obtained unusual results in her work with children.

His progress was so extraordinary that Miss Lackey thought best to devote most of her time to her charge. With the approval of his parents, she took out guardianship papers and, always under the supervision of Mr. Persinger, made the education of Ruggiero the chief care of her life. He is in New York with her now, as is also the younger brother, Giorgio. The latter child, who is only seven, is also an infant prodigy of the violin, though he has not yet appeared in public. Oddly enough, Giorgio was graduated to the smaller instrument from the cello, upon which he had sawed away at home as though it were a double-bass. Of course money has been forthcoming (the parents themselves are in modest circumstances) to provide for the proper nurture of these gifted children. They receive instruction in the ordinary branches like other young folk of their age.

Marvellous as the history of these children may appear, it is worth pointing out that as a matter of fact they are running pretty close to form. Jascha Heifetz made his début at Kovno at the age of six, playing the concerto of Mendelssohn, no other! The great Joachim first performed in public at the age of seven. Twelve was the age at which Mischa Elman made his sensational début at St. Petersburg. Fritz Kreisler toured the United States with Rosenthal when he was only fourteen.

Nobody need fear that Ruggiero's astonishing talent is being unduly exploited. Quite the contrary is the case. Amid the excitement occasioned by his New York début with orchestra on October 20 last, he could easily have been booked forthwith for a big tour. But with a cherishing regard for his future, he has been allowed to play in public only twice since. For the most part Ruggiero and Giorgio live quietly at Miss Lackey's home in Riverdale, where the schedule of study is relieved by plenty of play. A mature violinist of distinction, Jacques Thibaud, before his recent departure from New York presented Ruggiero with a beautiful toy submarine, telling the young navigator to dart over to Paris in it and visit his friend the giver.

Suppose you are going to EUROPE



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Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announces

ACCORDING TO existing treaties the United States is pledged to withdraw from Haiti in 1936. Although Mr. Hoover's Commission of investigation is doing its best, this will be extremely difficult. In the leading article of the next issue, "Haiti After 1936," H. P. Davis suggests that the appointment of Haitian leaders to positions of responsibility will help greatly in teaching them self-government. Mr. Davis is the author of *Black Democracy* and a student of Haitian affairs.

GREAT HAS BEEN the condemnation heaped upon the younger generation. The young people, according to Mrs. Grundy, are jazz-mad, immoral and undoubtedly going straight to the dogs. Kay Kennedy, however, does not agree with the alarmists. As editor of a "heart-balm" column she has corresponded with thousands of these supposedly wild boys and girls only to find them dull and conservative. "Doubtless conscientious," she declares, "but nevertheless uninteresting, this generation doesn't intend to start anything."

MEI LAN-FANG, has taken New York by storm. Critics hail him as the discoverer of new possibilities in the drama. Hushed and admiring audiences crowd his theatre. In Peking, however, although equally idolized, China's greatest actor plays under rather different circumstances. In "Mei Lan-Fang at Home" Margaret G. Shotwell, who has recently visited China, describes an amazing performance in the actor's native city.

RECENT LEGISLATIVE ATTEMPTS to establish the Star Spangled Banner as our national anthem have called forth considerable protest. As usual a good deal of criticism has been aimed at the song itself. In "Our National Anthem" Marshal Kernochan, the well-known composer, gives his objections to permanently saddling the Star Spangled Banner on the country. Future generations, Mr. Kernochan feels, should be allowed to compose a better anthem if able to.

From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Three

THREE GARDENERS were digging in a green garden and the air about them was powdered with sunshine. Into their lungs they breathed the clear particles of gold; beneath the light transparent mantle of it their heavy shoulders moved easily.

They were poor men of an ancient race, digging in an ancient soil; but they did not know it. To each of them this was a new day, to be filled with new work and new hungers.

The first gardener was older than the other two, and as he worked he paused occasionally to give directions. But the second gardener was the largest; his arms were long and swinging like those of a great monkey. And the third gardener was certainly the youngest; he lifted three spades of earth to every four of theirs.

"How deep—hey? How deep we dig it?" grunted the second gardener. The first gardener looked up solemnly at the sky. At this moment the third gardener lost his balance and tumbled upon his face. It was plain that he had struck a rock too heavy for him.

The second gardener unfolded his great back and rose up slowly on his feet. "A big stone—hey?" he said with satisfaction, "how big?"

"No stone," said the first gardener impressively, stooping down to look "no stone at all, it is a dish."

But the third gardener by now had scurried to his feet. "All right," he said breathlessly, "I have it—" and once more nearly lost his balance.

"Ho!" shouted the second gardener and stepping nearer, he struck squarely underneath the heavy obstacle, lifted it high and laid it on the ground.

As the strange and earth-caked object came to rest in the sunlight it rolled slightly; and at that involuntary movement a miracle occurred. From one end of the stone-like dish there gushed out over the sober earth a stream of living gold. The three gardeners stumbled backwards in surprise and terror. Then the youngest fell forward suddenly upon his knees and wonderingly stretched out his hand.

At the touch of the cold, hard brightness his hand became suddenly avid; with the other he clutched the stone dish upright and into its yawning mouth struggled to force back the golden flood. "'Twas I that found it!" he cried out exultantly, "I struck it with my spade."

At his words, the other two found themselves again. "What?" shouted the second gardener in derision. "Why, 'twas I—" and with a huge fist he struck his hairy chest—"'twas I that raised it! The jug is mine." And he would have wrenched it from the other, had not the first gardener forced himself between.

"You are mad," he said contemptuously, "both mad. Who is the head man here? But for me you would never have seen the dish of gold. Hand it over and get off," he ended threateningly.

As though at a signal the three of them were now struggling together. Hoarse cries — rough blows — gold splashed and trodden underfoot—rage and shouted curses, startled the garden. In another moment feet were running towards them, authoritative hands were separating them. The three gardeners, panting wildly, were held by the police.

"The gold," protested the third gardener hoarsely, "the dish of gold is mine! I found it digging."

"Not his, but mine," shouted the second gardener. Before the third gardener could speak the police had silenced him.

"Where were you digging?" they asked in tones of command, and three of them, picking up the discarded spades, approached the gaping earth. The gardeners stood and stared at the policemen digging. The sun moved higher in the heavens and presently seemed to stagger back again. Another dish was brought to light, another well of gold uncovered! Still the policemen dug and still another pot of gold was unearthed and laid upon the ground.

"Three!" whispered the first gardener incredulously. And "Three!" ejaculated the second gardener. And "Three," echoed the third.

"Well then," spoke up the first gardener stoutly, "there is a pot of gold apiece."

But the policemen wiped their foreheads and smiled; put on their coats and smiled. "These are great treasures," said the spokesman of the police very gravely. "These, my friends, are very old and very valuable. They belong to our country, to the museum—" with a simple inclusive gesture,—"to the world!"

Whereupon the policemen, picking up the three great dishes of gold smiled again and walked away.

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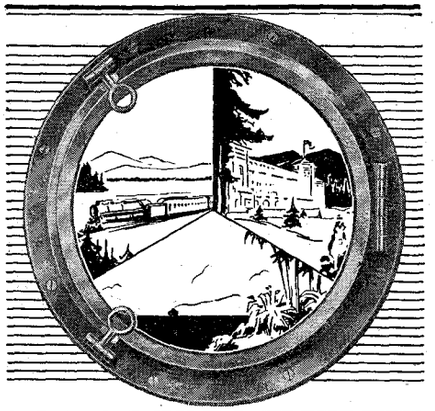

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The Happy Grape Growers

(Continued from Page 408)

grape growers of having been converted to prohibition as a result of their enormous profits since 1919, but certainly they bask in the smile of a friendly government. Even the Federal Farm Board, only recently created, gave such preference to the Californian grape interests that they were the very first to be promised financial help by the Board, by way of a promised loan of $4,500,000 out of the appropriation made by Congress for farm relief. This, it is true, was not specifically for wine grape growers, but all of them would have benefited by the loan since prices of each group fluctuate in response to movements in other groups. While wine grapes are the best for making wine and are unsuitable for use as table and raisin grapes, the table and raisin grapes can be, and are, used for wine making when prices on wine grapes command too high a premium.

As far as California is concerned, prohibition has turned out to be among the most noble of experiments.

Peas in The International Pod

(Continued from Page 411)

who represent the whole community. The statesmanship of the prime minister of Great Britain or the president of the United States is chiefly measured in the history of either country by his ability to be no longer partisan once he has reached office. It is an ideal seldom fully attained, but nevertheless sooner or later the nation judges its leaders according to this criterion. And as the government is conceived of as a government of the whole people for and by itself, it can command a kind of loyalty in the citizenship which does not exist where power is imposed from above. The American and British tradition is one of co-operation with the government to make good even its mistakes, if those mistakes are likely to make the nation suffer.

It is interesting to find that judged by these criteria, a country so advanced in liberty as France does not rank side by side with the United States or Great Britain as the home of a self-governing democracy. It is a strange fact, but one that is explained by history, that liberty, the ideal of the French Revolution, meant escape from government rather than the assumption of its responsibilities. It is true that the history of the Third Republic has done much towards the development of genuine democratic institutions, especially

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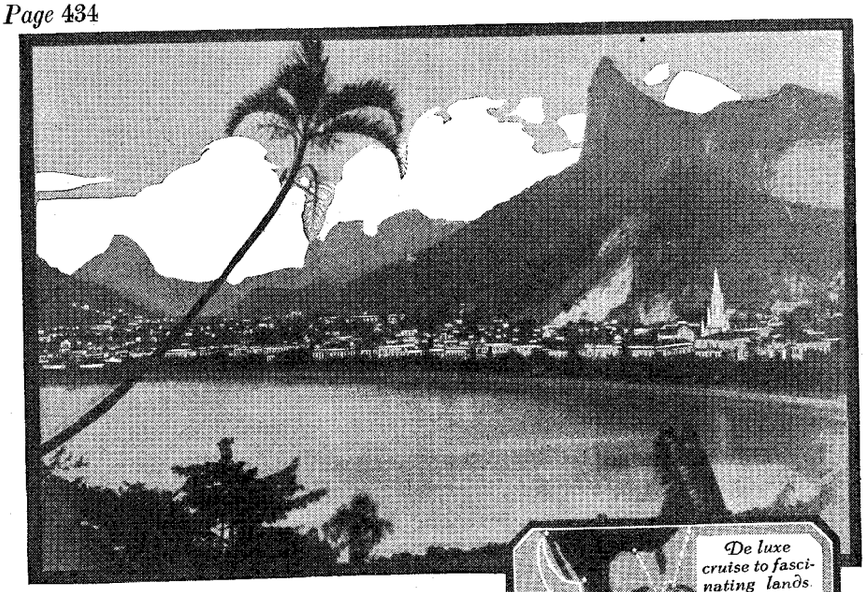
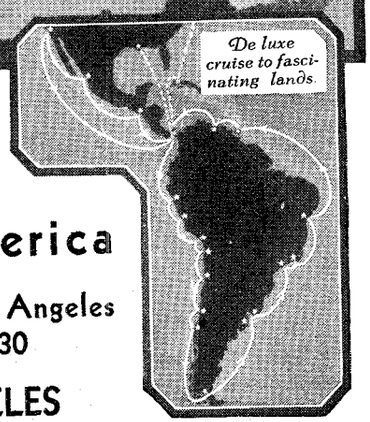


Ocean Front View of Rio de Janeiro



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through the action of the commissions of the French Parliament, but, by and large, the acts of government in France are conceived of in terms of power and are not made in that co-operative spirit which makes it possible for Britain to "muddle through" to great achievements.

The empire of the Hapsburgs and pre-War Germany embodied this same Roman tradition in their bureaucratic system, which allowed to parliaments little more than the faint echo of impotent protest. The result was that in both countries the oppositions to the government were openly and frankly disloyal, not only to it but to the state system which employed it. In Austria this disloyal opposition took nationalist form, which was able ultimately to break up the empire and achieve independent nationalities.

It is but natural that the extreme expression of this theory of the politics of power should come from Italy itself: in Machiavelli, who applied it to establish the sovereignty of princely rule, and in Mussolini's exaltation of the Fascist state. But Italian theorists are too extravagant in their claims to win anything but qualified approval in the thinking world outside.

NOW THE BEARING of this upon international relations is obvious. Peace between nations, as within the nation itself is, in the theory of the Roman tradition, largely dependent upon the continued assertion of that kind of power which maintains the structure of the nation itself.

On the other hand, the British point of view, when applied to the international sphere, seeks rather to enlist in the participants the measure of co-operation necessary for the achievement of immediate ends. It does not envisage international relations structurally to the same degree as Continental thinkers do. The motor force upon which it relies lies rather in the co-ordination of the interests of nations than in compelling them by the exercise of power. In a less degree, but nevertheless in a very real way, it conceives of the up-building of a society of nations in terms of its own history, which has transformed an empire into a commonwealth of nations.

It is not likely to change its habits of thought by listening to the debates at Geneva. Not once, but many times, in the post-War years the statesmen who represented Britain at the League of Nations have listened to the most brilliant and most forceful advocates of Continental logic. It is a logic which taken by itelf is wholly unanswerable,

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proposing, as it does, to replace the anarchy of nations with sufficient guarantees to make violence impossible and so enable nations to forget the dangers of war through the establishment of national security. But the means employed to achieve this end are too much like the thing suppressed to win British adherence for long. Anything resembling a holy alliance meets today with the same reception in any British government that it met in the days of Alexander I and Metternich, as the attitude towards the Geneva Protocol has clearly shown.

Neither MacDonald at the Assembly of 1924, nor Chamberlain in the Council meetings that followed it, was ever able to give a logical answer to this clear-cut program of peace enforcement; nevertheless, it would have been as impossible for a Labor government as for a Conservative one to have won the full adherence of British public opinion to any such method of international statesmanship.

On the other hand, the British have never been able to state their case so that the Continent could understand it. The only country that has fully appreciated and understood it, insofar as it has tried to understand, has been the United States. For the political conceptions which underlie American Government are fundamentally similar to those of Great Britain.

INTERNATIONAL POLITICS must find a way for both mutual understanding on the part of these two great groups of nations, and for co-ordinating their policies toward common ends. Fortunately, the history of the last ten years is beginning to show how this can come about. The emphasis upon police power declines in proportion as all the members of a community begin to be aware of common interests. The more mature a nation is the less it needs to apply the crude exercise of force over recalcitrant members. In other words, it is less by the drafting of constitutions than by their functioning that political life advances. Now the functioning is supplied by a nation's business, that is, intercourse between individuals which involves their property. So long as property remains the isolated possession of isolated individuals, it must be protected by visible means. But when we entrust it to others in order that they may work it for us and bring in from their labor returns upon our capital, we are interested in their welfare at the same time as we increase our own.

Thus the extension of credit in the world of today is creating, as I suggested in an earlier issue of the Out-

Spring Comes to Hawaii in Gorgeous South Sea Glory

MID-AFTERNOON on a broad veranda. Coco palms nodding in a South Sea breeze cast moving shadows on a velvet lawn. A brown-eyed sprite, barefooted and bedecked in blossom-leis glides out of the shade and pauses where the sun breaks through.

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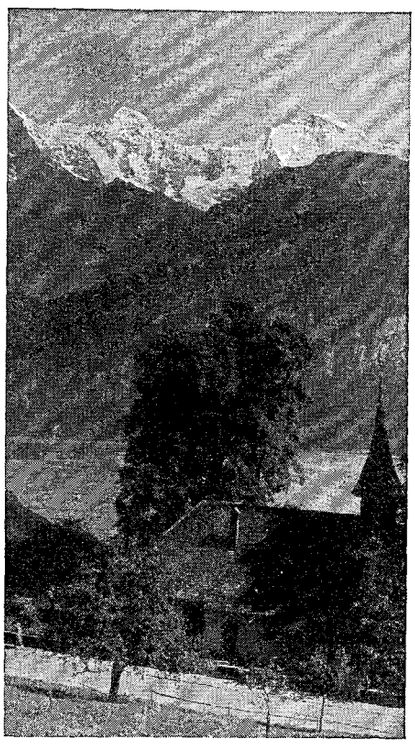

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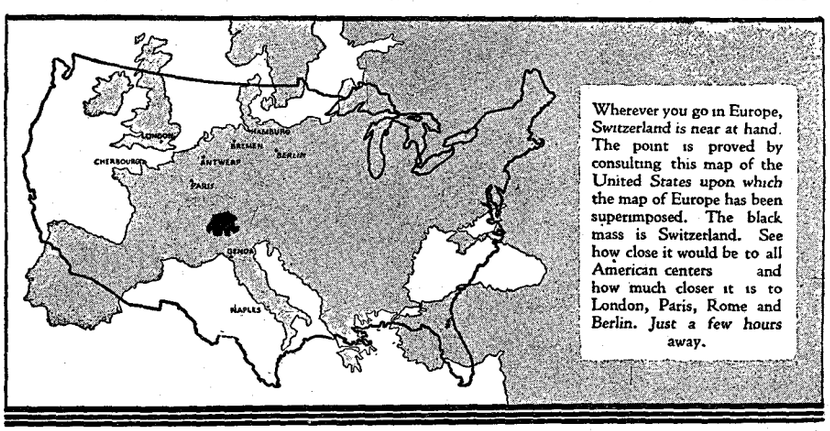

Wherever you go in Europe, Switzerland is near at hand. The point is proved by consulting this map of the United States upon which the map of Europe has been superimposed. The black mass is Switzerland. See how close it would be to all American centers and how much closer it is to London, Paris, Rome and Berlin. Just a few hours away.

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look and Independent, an international force for peace which functions in terms of peace as well, and by a happy coincidence, the two nations that have missed the heritage of Rome are at the same time the two most deeply involved in the development of the economic substitute for power. Great Britain and the United States thus offer to the society of nations an emphasis upon economic interdependence in place of a reliance upon political measures for purely political ends. In proportion, therefore, as the processes which were begun by invention and discovery break down the isolation of the past, they tend to strengthen all the natural forces that make for a co-operative civilization instead of merely seeking peace through the stabilizing exercise of power.

Little People vs Big Fellows

(Continued from Page 406)

Federal regulations—like the effect of all laws—is to preserve the *status quo*.

For this reason you find that the heads of the old, established businesses are very content with things as they are. Men in the newer industries—like the rayon silk industry, or the airplane industry, created from nothing in the last half dozen years—are profoundly impatient. The logic of the machine, as every one knows, compels mass production. Once you have the machine, it is as easy—and much more economical and profitable—to supply all the demand, instead of only your share of it. But, under the Sherman anti-trust law, you cannot purchase your competitors, merge with them nor drive them out of business.

BACK IN THE DAYS of "trust-busting," a full generation ago, almost every one in the community hated the big corporations. Angriest were the wholesalers and jobbers, the "merchant princes" who immemorially had dominated the economic life of the nation. The trusts had begun to sell directly to the retailer, over their heads, and the merchant princes were facing destruction. Naturally they wanted the trusts broken. With them were aligned the small manufacturers whom the trusts were first ruining, and then buying up. Nor were the retail shopkeepers any too happy, since the trusts were forcing them to sell at fixed prices which gave uncomfortably small margins of profit. Labor was close to the point of armed rebellion, for the Sherman anti-trust law had been used, with deadly effect, to smash unionism. Those were the days when Eugene V. Debs led the Homestead and Pullman

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strikes, the bloodiest industrial conflicts the country has ever known.

Nowadays, almost every one still hates the big corporations but for different reasons. The people who, a generation ago, would have been running small businesses of their own, are now employees. By grace of our technical and business schools, they have become professionalized; they are industrial chemists, engineers, accountants, sales-managers. They form the modern, salaried, intellectualized middle class — the New Disinherited— and, very largely, they are ready to support any liberal political movement.

There has been one very important development of Big Business. The retailers, in increasing measure, are now becoming trusts themselves. The chain stores and great retailers' associations are growing in size and economic power with breathless speed. Right now, they are engaged in struggles among themselves, and with the manufacturers. But the independent store-keeper, last survival of an earlier age, is suffering. When recently two chain stores began a cigarette war, and sold cigarettes at the cost-price of twelve cents a pack, it is reported that hundreds of independent tobacconists, unable to compete, were bankrupted.

In the debate last month on the confirmation of Mr. Hughes, the present Senator LaFollette, perhaps the most socially sophisticated of the insurgent Republican-Democratic coalition, remarked: "The chain stores, the chain banks, the great combinations are destroying the economic rights of individual citizens." And a few days before, Interstate Commerce Commissioner Eastman, one of the ablest civil servants of the United States, in dissenting from the proposed consolidation of the railroads, had written: "It is feared that control of industry is rapidly passing into a few hands, with the danger that we shall become predominantly a nation of clerks and subordinates."

There are many indications that the wage-earners, who, despite Mr. Henry Ford's "higher-wages-shorter-hours" policy, are still exploited in many industries, the small-salaried middle class and the independent small-town storekeepers are prepared to join with the farmers—who have grievances of their own—in a political crusade against Big Business. Substantially these same groups, it is worth remembering, in 1924 gave the present Senator LaFollette's father, after a pitifully makeshift campaign, nearly 5,000,000 votes.

There is an exaggerated bitterness against Big Business, right now, because of last November's panic. Some professional politicians, who are constantly taking soundings of public sentiment, report that Mr. Hoover has lost greatly in popular favor. Some political observers used to think that, with every one in the country owning a share or two of stock, the feeling against Big Business was bound to disappear. Now they have discovered that this theory is only good as long as stocks continue to go skyrocketing upwards. If there should be another period of stock market inflation, Mr. Hoover's chances for re-election would improve enormously. If it should be anything like the last bull movement in its extent and dizziness, nothing in the world, probably, could prevent Mr. Hoover's re-election. When office boys and girl stenographers dash out at noon to buy a newspaper to find out the opening bid on Wright Airplane and Warner Brothers, there is not much likelihood of a political revolt. On the other hand, any long continuation of the present business depression will inevitably hurt Mr. Hoover.

At present, the most violent agitation against Big Business is centered upon our public utilities. The insurgents in the Senate, for example, are demanding to know why Mr. Hoover has promised the electricity from the new Colorado River dam to the "Power Trust." They hope to make the power companies a major issue in next autumn's election, and reports are that they will be in New England, in New York, on the Pacific coast and in the South, where the fate of Muscle Shoals is still in doubt.

The especial acuteness of the public utilities situation is due partly to the sheer cumbersomeness of our judicial procedure. Obviously before you can fix public utility rates, you must be able to tell how much a company is worth, and how much it should earn. Our courts are still laboring to decide these questions, and meantime, the public utility companies are doing about as they please. Lately, in the O'Fallon railroad case, the Supreme Court handed down a decision on valuation. Many more decisions will be necessary, and it may take another ten years, or even twenty, before the Supreme Court says its last word on this subject.

This, however, is a minor point. The main issue is Big Business, all big businesses. A great many people in this country are apparently resolved somehow, through Congressional action, to inculcate moral qualities into the management of great corporations. They wish to insure, by some sort of governmental regulation, that great corporations pay their workers well, be content with reasonable profits, not molest their competitors and most important—give every young man and woman of talent the opportunity to work their way on to leadership. It might be said that these things, by their nature, will be difficult to obtain through legislation, and that our great corporations show signs of becoming more democratic, anyway, and slightly more civilized. The opponents of Big Business have no patience for objections. They have suffered enough, they say, and they are resolved upon action.

Mr. Hoover was a millionaire at thirty. All his life, up until the War, he was associated with Big Business.

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As he showed in the case of the oil producers, he believes that Big Business can be trusted to reform itself, without governmental regulation. As Secretary of Commerce, he deplored the activities of the Federal Trade Commission. After the Supreme Court had rebuked the Federal Trade Commission, in the famous Maple Flooring decision in 1925, and justified to a large degree the methods of the great trade associations, Mr. George Roberts, a corporation lawyer, and, incidentally a former law partner of Secretary Stimson, declared in a speech: "The debt the business world owes to Secretary Hoover for this (Mr. Hoover's assistance in the case) cannot be overestimated."

Everything about Mr. Hoover suggests that he is, and will continue to be, thoroughly committed to Big Business. If Big Business is the single issue of the next presidential election in 1932, Mr. Hoover, in the opinion of qualified political observers, is very likely to be defeated. An opponent with the force and imagination of Theodore Roosevelt in the 1912 campaign, would certainly defeat him. As yet, no such leader has appeared. None of the insurgent Republican-Democratic coalition in the Senate, except perhaps Mr. Borah, possesses the necessary qualities, and Mr. Borah is not a leader of uncertain causes.

The most serious potential threat to Mr. Hoover lies in what, for want of a better name, is called the Al Smith wing of the Democratic Party. Another Roosevelt, Franklin D. Roosevelt, the present Governor of New York, gives signs of presidential ambitions. Like Mr. Smith, he has shown great firmness and ingenuity in handling the public utility problem in New York, and, if he should be nominated, would presumably try to make this the issue, in which case he would naturally fall heir to Mr. Smith's independent, liberal following. But 1932 is two years away, and politics—especially Democratic politics—is variable. Besides, in 1932 it is conceivable that we may be on the crest of a Hoover bull market, and every one, on election day, will be away joyriding in their new airplanes.

Shoplifter

(Continued from Page 424)

After six weeks, on a Monday morning, I was brought to court for trial. Before my case was called my lawyer came to the prisoner's cage and asked me if I had been able to dig up any money. I said no and that I didn't think I had a chance to get any. He advised me to plead guilty and said he thought that he could get the judge to take my youth into consideration and send me to the Reformatory. I said that was the last thing I wanted, that I'd much rather be sent to the Eastern Penitentiary. "All right, we'll stand trial," he said.

The trial didn't last long. The sailor told the truth, and I told the lie I had made up. After I had been convicted the judge wasted no time. "Huntingdon Reformatory. Next case."

FIFTEEN OTHERS and myself were handcuffed, two by two, to a long chain that stretched across and over the backs of the eight seats we occupied. There were two guards, both armed, one sitting behind us, and the other facing us from the front. At Huntingdon the sixteen of us, clanking the long chain in pretended amusement, left the train under the guards' ready revolvers and were herded past a crowd of gaping townspeople—"They've seen this often; they like to see it," I thought, hating them—and into a large bus from the reformatory.

A few minutes after I had been put in a cell, after being changed to reformatory clothes, Professor Likens, the librarian, tottered up to my cell door, his much-too-large coat larger and shinier than when I last saw it, his wizened face with more and deeper wrinkles and hollows, and fewer and whiter hairs fringing his large head.

"How are you, professor?" I greeted him, and shook the tiny hand he had put through the bars. "I hoped this wouldn't happen, Coffey," he said. "I'll have to make the best of it, professor; I mustn't pity myself—that would make it worse." He said he wished he knew good would come of it, but he couldn't be sure.

The next morning the Superintendent sent for me. "I'm going to put you in the library," he said. "Professor Likens asked me to give you a chance. I don't think you deserve it; I'm doing it entirely on his account. I hope you'll show I'm wrong and he's right." "Thanks," was all I could say. "Take him to Professor Likens," he said to the guard who had brought me. On the way I felt tears coming down my cheeks. I clenched my teeth to stop them, and wiped them away, but they kept on coming. I felt like a baby. When we entered the library the little old professor, looking funnier than ever in a black skull-cap too small for him, jerked himself up from the chair before his desk. "Well—," he began, and then stopped and turned to fuss for a minute with some papers on his desk. I wiped my eyes.

There was no work to do immediately; so I went to the shelves and looked over the books. I saw a great number I wanted to read, and tried to decide which to start with. I came upon the six thick volumes of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, by Gibbon. I read the first several pages of the first volume and became greatly interested. In the next six weeks I was oblivious to everything but Gibbon. I forgot Amy completely, except when I lay awake in the dark.

ONE DAY a letter came from home saying my mother had been taken to the hospital unconscious and that the doctors didn't expect her to live more than forty-eight hours. My heart froze.

I asked for and immediately received permission to write my mother a special letter. I said in it everything I could think of that might make her happy if she should have a moment of consciousness before she died. I even lied and said I was coming to see her as fast as a train could carry me. I said I was praying for her to get better, and was sure she would soon be home with us and to be sure I would stay home all the time.

Two days later another letter came from home. My mother still lived! At one time the doctors had thought her dead, and her flesh had started to turn black, but they had used stimulants and her heart beat again and she breathed. They didn't know what was keeping her alive, but said there might be hope. Letters came regularly telling of her recovery, and then that she had been returned home from the hospital. She had wanted to come home to see that everything was going all right. I wrote my next letter to my father, not saying that I wanted him to ask the judge to parole me, but I tried to convince him that I had become thoroughly resolved to live a life of effort and accomplishment in the future, that I had been taking advantage of my job in the library to get the best books there and study hard to prepare myself to amount to something after I got out. I said I realized how much he had hoped for from me, and how disappointed he must have been by what had happened; but that I was determined to wipe out his disappointment and realize more than he had ever hoped for from me.

Meanwhile, I had been reported twice for talking. This, added to the two similar reports already charged against me, caused me to lose a month of time, and also prevented my promotion from the second grade to the

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first at the end of the sixth month as an honor man. Another loss was my job in the library—no inmate having been reported enough to lose a month was allowed to hold such a job. The professor felt badly, but I told him I wouldn't be discouraged and intended to keep trying to make my record as good as possible, and that the worst that would happen until my discharge would be an occasional report for talking. He said he might be able to get me a job I liked, and asked if I had any in mind. I knew that the fellow assisting with the editing and proof-reading of the reformatory newspaper would be going out in a short while, so I told the professor I'd like to get that job. He said he'd see about it. Two days later I was given the job.

I liked my new job but there was so little of it that I was unoccupied half the time. The paper was published weekly, and was only of four small pages, each of four columns. Only about three columns each week were written by the editor and myself, and of this amount I received a chance to write about one-tenth. The editor was a Methodist preacher on Sundays in a nearby town, and when he allowed me to do any of the writing for the paper it was usually because he wanted to work on his next Sunday's sermon. Most of the time his sermon-writing was an easy job, because he had clippings of all of Billy Sunday's sermons pasted on cardboards and copying one of them each week was his sole method of composition. His only difficulty was to decide which one to copy.

The month—my seventh—passed without a report against me, which gave me six months of good behavior, and caused my promotion to the first grade from the second. I told of my promotion in writing to my father. I also said that my practice in proof-reading and writing had made me proficient in both—I showed my writing ability in the letter by using many long words—and that there would be no chance during the remainder of my stay to add much to my accomplishment, that my main effort must consist of avoiding violation of the many rules. Then, for the first time, I mentioned the possibility of getting the judge who had sentenced me to parole me.

A few days later a letter came from my sister. She said my father agreed that my time was being wasted if I really meant to do right, but if I wasn't going to do it he'd rather have me stay where I was. "Write him again next month and make him sure you'll make good; that's all that's necessary," she said. Yes, I'd write him again. I also meant to write an article that I hoped would interest a newspaper editor; one that would get me a job as reporter.

What should I say in my article? Show this place up? How? Show what it does and then what it ought to do. What ought it to do? Reform. How can it do that? By giving fellows the habit of working, not trying to keep them from doing a lot of things—like talking and laughing—that are natural for them to do. Let them talk and laugh but make them work, make them do a lot of work, good work, to get out. They'll do anything to get out. It would be easy to make them hard workers, and good workers. They can't work if they're trying all the time to keep from talking and laughing.

In the following weeks, in my spare time, I thought about my article, trying to add to it and improve it. I couldn't write out any of it: I wasn't allowed either pencil or paper. If I should write it out, and what I wrote was discovered, they'd come down on me hard; my father could never get the judge to parole me. No, I'd keep the article in my head until I got out.

Again I wrote my monthly letter to my father. I said I didn't blame him for not answering any of my previous letters, that I realized how disappointed he had been in me, but that I intended to keep right on writing him because I had no other interest than to change his disappointment in me to satisfaction; and that in asking him to get the judge to parole me I hoped to hasten the satisfaction he was going to have from me. If he wanted to wait I'd accept his decision without lessening or weakening my resolve, and try not to feel time was being wasted unnecessarily.

He answered and said that he'd go and see the judge.

Before the month was out word came from my sister that my father had seen the judge, who thought I hadn't yet been punished enough but that in six more months he'd consider paroling me. My high spirits sank pretty low, but rose again when I compared the six months with the eighteen or twenty-four more that the Board of Managers would surely make me serve. After I had read Shakespeare, and Plato's Dialogues, there was nothing more to read except a list of novels which didn't attract me much.

The months of Spring came and passed, with no unusual happening. On the morning of July 29, the superintendent had me brought before him and told me that I was to report the next morning to the court probation officer in Philadelphia. The great, great day had come! At three minutes to noon I boarded a train to Philadelphia, and began moving there a mile a minute. A newspaper I had bought said that a terrible war threatened in Europe, and that large scale troop movements had started. The paper thought that wise counsel would prevail and prevent serious hostilities, because actual war between the countries involved might cost as much as $100,000,000 a day.

(To Be Continued)

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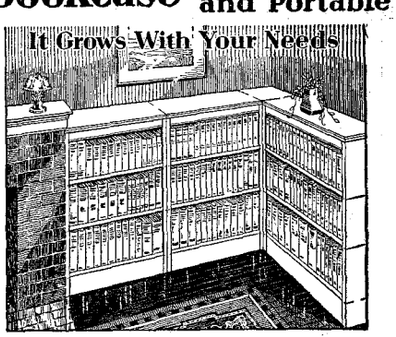

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